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VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

"O Night and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong!"

NIGHT! its meaning, its place in the economy of things, its proper use as a means of improvement and spiritualization, is a theme which may well claim our earnest attention. It is the more necessary that we attempt to unfold its lesson, because it is often regarded as having no lesson at all. The hours of darkness are considered as a blank in human existence. Night, darkness, sleep, have passed into human language as representative of ignorance, death, annihilation, and the grave. But it is hardly conceivable that one half the time allotted to man has no important place in his probation. We read that in the beginning God arranged the night as well as the day, parting one from the other, fixing to each its limits, and extending over it his protecting providence. He might have banished the darkness entirely from his dominions, instead of so shaping the worlds and so poisoning them on their axes that they shall dip with endless alternations into the light and the shade. He would have so arranged, if, while the one is simply and positively good, the

other were simply a negation of good, having no other purpose than to put men to rest and steep the world in oblivion. Not only men and animals, but the whole vegetable kingdom, are so constituted as to pass into those alternate states which require the ministrations of the night and the day. If my object were to excite no more than our admiration and wonder, we might pause to examine that divine mechanism by virtue of which every leaf and flower, at the approach of eventide, send back their juices towards the seat of life and fold themselves to rest; but my object is rather to develop the moral significance of night, and show its bearing on the well-being and regeneration of man.

1. And can you conceive of an arrangement which calls more irresistibly to self-inspection, than that under which the day fades away into darkness? Gradually do the objects which glared in the sunshine disappear, until the whole outward world is taken from us and we are left alone with ourselves! We were in the midst of noise and business; what was external absorbed our whole attention; when lo! the solemn curtain descends and shuts the external from our view, and hushes every noise upon the landscape and over the peopled earth. If a voice had come audibly out of the heavens, saying, "Turn thine eyes from without and look within thee," its meaning could not be more clear. The man bearing within him the memory of crimes unrepented of and undivulged, who can pass alone through the first hours of the darkness with no troubled sensations, has probably sunk below the possibility of reformation. Hence this is the hour when such persons attempt to flee the necessity of self-communion. They seek for vicious companionship, that in its revelry they may drown the voice becoming too audible within. I have heard of men, I once knew a slave-dealer myself, who in that solemn interval between the glare of daylight and the oblivion of sleep, could not bear to be left in the darkness and alone. For the darkness would then form itself into hideous shapes, and agonized faces

would come out of its abysmal void, small and dim in the distance, but growing larger and nearer, and at length glaring around him in the phosphorescence of his troubled conscience. Drive them away, and they would take shape in the dark distance and slowly come up again. Such tricks does that weird sisterhood play with us, — Memory, Conscience, and Imagination, — when turned to Furies, and the darkness gives them time and space to work in. At that hour a man must converse with his own thoughts, and he may be surprised to find that his thoughts are not abstractions, but living people issuing out of the secret places of his own breast and revealing the mysteries that lurk there. In the splendors of daylight a thousand objects call away his attention and absorb it in the outward world. But daylight gone, and external things blotted out, the inner world has nothing to overlay its creations, and so they come out without hinderance and disguise. This arrangement of Providence, by which we are drawn alternately to the things of the external and the internal man, is adapted to the purposes of self-knowledge and self-improvement as no other arrangement could possibly be. If no occasions were presented but those of the daytime for this descent of the mind into its own recesses, and for its more exclusive presence with spiritual things, men would become at length entirely external, and perhaps grossly carnal. By and by they would live in the senses altogether. Now they cannot if they would, and probably no one of us is conscious how great may be the effect upon our characters from being let with such frequent alternations into our own spirits, whether we would or no. Have you never experienced how involuntarily the mind adapts itself to this arrangement, how in the first coming on of the darkness, when "shadows from the fitful fire-light dance upon the parlor-wall," the mind instinctively reverts to the past, opening all the storehouses of memory, and calling up their images in a never-ending train? It is just the reverse of this in the morning; then we are full of

the future, then our thoughts and plans dart forward and outstrip the hours. One is the period when the foretime waits to be evoked and reviewed, the other when the after-time is to be anticipated and provided for.

Now if we would avail ourselves fully of this arrangement of Providence, few things would so help on the work of regeneration within us. Every evening the events of the day would pass before us in solemn review. Its silent shadows would fall around us to invite us to the duty of self-examination, until the style of our secret thoughts had been disclosed to us, and memories of our past ingratitude and impenitence had melted our hearts into tenderness. Every day ill spent would work repentance and reformation at its close, and God, who had been forgotten in the temptations of business, would reveal himself when the busy scene was withdrawn, — another sun coming down through the evening sky with higher and more interior illuminations. Not a day would pass without its review, not a night would come on to blot from our senses the outward universe, without making the objects of faith rise more vivid on our sight. And we should find, every time the outward world was withdrawn, that the spirit-world was nearer than the night before, so that we “pitch our moving tent a day’s march nearer home.” Here, especially, where there is so much of reckless hurrying on in the march of life, and such downward tendencies into sensualism, so little of meditation and so much of bustle and action, there is especial need that we listen to these voices of the night that call us to seek a knowledge of ourselves.

2. Such is the lesson of the first hour of the night, nor is the one of the hour that follows less instructive and holy. For then the hand of God unrolls the sun-strewn firmament which pours over the earth its serene and eternal blaze. I suppose the thoughts and meditations produced by the sight of these higher heavens will depend upon one’s previous habits of mind; but it has always seemed to me that the

great spiritual idea which they impress upon us is that of *contrast*, — contrast between our realizations and our hopes, between the state in which we are, and the state to which we aspire with unsatisfied longings. In the daytime we strive and toil in the petty competitions of the hour, we run with hot haste after trifling objects, we exult and triumph when we have attained them, and we vex ourselves with bitter disappointment when the stake is lost. We labor in the hot sun, in the dusty ways of life, and our little strivings become to us of supreme moment. But in the midst of our contentions the darkness descends and blots out our little world of cares, and away through infinite depths we gaze into a region where all is tranquillity and peace. How contrasts the majestic silence above with the petty strifes beneath! How the firmaments have moved on together ever since time began, and yet no sound among the “rapid travellers”! How enlarged to infinity is the space we move in, when a little while ago our sphere of labor was all in all! The drop of starlight which falls upon my eyeball travelled a thousand years before it reached me, and I stand in my little place of labor like an insect that inhabits a single leaf that flutters in the foliage of boundless woods. O the unbroken stillness and tranquillity of the heavens, contrasting their eternal harmonies with our temporal discords, giving us the idea of infinity for our low and narrow views, and of everlasting peace above all earthly trouble! The Christian has given the name of Heaven to the abodes of future rest: the word means literally the arch that is raised or *heaved* above us, and we take it to describe our future state because it gives to us the image of eternal repose. None can tell how great has been its influence in keeping in our minds the idea of the rest of immortality, and drawing our aspirations thither, because every night it spans the turmoil of earth with its deep and boundless tranquillity.

3. I come next to the lesson which is derived from the fact and the necessity of sleep. Did you never inquire for

its moral significance,—this giving yourself up once in twenty-four hours to the seeming arms of annihilation? I do not know how the permanent lesson of man's dependence upon a Power above him could have been so well established as in this ever-returning fact, this ever-renewed necessity. The strongest and most self-confident become, after a few hours' exertion, as weak and as helpless as a little child. Every time we resign ourselves to sleep, we do tacitly perform an act of self-surrender into the arms of Providence. Body and soul, with all their faculties, are given back entirely into the keeping of the God who gave them. The outward act has a correspondent influence upon the inward mind, and a religious sense of dependence is thus kept alive in us to an extent we hardly perceive ourselves. It is not suffered to become quite extinct even in the most thoughtless. How boastful would a man become, and how forgetful of the source of his strength, if his strength were never suspended or taken from him! He would soon claim the attribute of self-existence. But now the strong man finds that his sinewy frame relaxes, and the brain sinks away into unconsciousness, and the twin brother of death holds him in its firm embrace. How helpless as an infant! How completely at the mercy of circumstance or accident! A child's stroke might change his breathing into the gasp of dissolution. That reason of which he boasts now flees from him, and unless restored to him he would wake up an idiot or a maniac.

It is a fact well known to the anatomist, that every man has two brains, or two departments of brain; that from one of these issue those nerves that command all his voluntary motions, while from the other issue the nerves that command involuntary motions, or those functions of his frame over which his will has no direct control. Some organs, the lungs more especially, are supplied with both sets of nerves, and their motion, therefore, is both voluntary and involuntary. They can move with his care, or they can

move without it. But the inmost and vital organs are supplied exclusively with the involuntary nerves. Your heart beats just the same without your superintendence. Your lungs will play as you bid them, and stop playing if you say so ; but in their healthful action they will play quite as well without your interference. So then our external and internal man are imaged and represented in our very frames. The most internal part of us is played and moved upon by a hand we do not see. Our interior brain takes its impressions directly from a spirit hand ; from that awful Power that ever works in our most secret nature, from that Will which always acts within our will, a Life within our life, seeking its realizations in all we do.*

It is known that during sleep only one set of these powers is suspended, while the other set is in full motion and play. The brain that you use gets tired and becomes inactive ; the brain in you that God uses never gets tired and never ceases from its work. There is another that does your breathing for you, and keeps the valves of your heart in their regular beat. The outward part of you sleeps ; the inward part that opens into the world of mystery is wide awake as ever. This holds of the mind as well as the body. You can control your thoughts and reasonings and fancies while your voluntary brain is awake ; but when that sleeps, this other brain takes the control of them, and thought, rea-

* This duality of the brain is pointed out in a little treatise, published a few years since, on "The Spirit Manifestations, and the Involuntary Powers and Instincts of the Human Mind," by John B. Dods. A great many curious phenomena to which this duality gives rise are described and explained, particularly in connection with animal instinct ; and an application of the principle to the spirit manifestations is attempted. The writer of the book was not aware that Swedenborg had described this double brain in connection with the whole subject of sleeping and dreaming. Whoever wishes to explore his profound philosophy on these subjects, with their special connection with man's involuntary powers, may find it in the *Arcana*, Nos. 959, 1980-1983. Man during sleep is specially protected from evil influence. See also an exceedingly interesting and instructive article "On Sleep," by Mr. Sampson Reed, in Vol. XVI. of the *New Jerusalem Magazine*, where Swedenborg's philosophy is variously applied.

son, and fancy are no longer yours. Another power comes into the treasure-house of your memory, and takes the imagery there stored up and unrolls it in a new order, possibly touching it with new and more spiritual hues. It hence results, that when the voluntary powers are entirely quiescent we sometimes get better impressions than we did when those powers were in complete operation, for then we did not meddle with the Power that works within us. Falling in with these laws of our nature, we read that in primitive times God chose to make his highest communications to his children while they slept, so that the patriarch came out of his sleep as out of the very entrance-gate of heaven. Hence, too, the reason why sleep revives our drooping faculties. There is nothing in rest, considered as mere inertia, that can impart any strength to us. It is because then a higher Power works within our voluntary faculties, and works without hinderance, and so pours new life and soundness through them all. Somehow we wake up with an elasticity of thought, a strength of purpose, a clearness of soul, which we never could have given ourselves by mere inertia, or by any contrivance known to human ingenuity. Truths we had toiled for in vain the night before, now stand out on the canvas of the mind as in letters of gold. The mathematician who gave over his problem in the evening, sometimes finds on waking that it has almost solved itself. But the heart, as we have seen, the most internal part of all, is then in the special keeping of God. Hence our feelings, which had been desponding the evening before, are now fresh and fragrant as the morning. The high purposes from which we swerved the day before, now seem clearly practicable; then there were lions in the way, and we were ready to give over; now we can meet them with brave hearts, and slay them as we go. Even wrath and boding revenge, except in the worst men, will not bear to be slept upon. They are swept by some hand invisible from the precincts of the heart and the brain, and lo! we awake in a new atmos-

phere, which somehow has been breathed around us. Who has been with us? What ministries of light and love have poured into us that unconscious life which has cost us no sacrifice and effort? There are Divine influences that come to us as the brightest visits of our waking hours; but this unfailing provision by which Heaven steals upon us unawares, shedding new brightness over all within us, and sometimes retouching with a pencil of light truths which were fading into dimness, should also command our unfailing admiration and gratitude. They belong to those blessed ministrations of the night which wait on all the children of men, and which make its hours something more than blanks in human existence. We resigned our bodies, and they are returned to us restrung and renewed; we resigned our reason, and it returns to us relumed and strengthened; our whole nature is returned to us wearing the freshness of a world unseen.

But let us now gather up the important lesson which comes to us from this branch of our subject. I suppose there are few persons who, when they lie down upon their pillows, make a perfect and devout resignation to God of all their voluntary powers, and therefore they fail of that refreshment and renovation of soul which are the highest end of slumber. Few, comparatively, have the faculty of sleeping well. The last voluntary thoughts too often are thoughts of worldly scheming; there is no giving up unto God, no sweet surrender of our burden of care. The last images that float in our memories are those that throng from the scene of labor, perhaps from scenes of guilty indulgence. The consequence is, that the involuntary brain, or the Power that works through it, does not work in us without hinderance, or it finds in our memories only such images as the poet saw within the jaws of Hades, where

“Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell.”

And with these it plays fantastic tricks, and scares us with unreal terrors, and we wake up with feelings as if we had been communing with demons. We do not give up to the

divine and renovating powers the whole province of our being. Our last thoughts are not on God, and we do not surrender our will perfectly to the Sovereign Calmer. When this is so, we fail of those holy ministrations of the night, which seek the constant renewal of our whole being. Sleep in its highest sense is so divine a gift, that, as the Psalmist says, God reserves it for his beloved. If, at the close of every day's labor, when we lie down to rest, our last thoughts were heavenward, our last mental exercise tranquillizing prayer, and our sleep were spiritually what it must needs be physically, a perfect surrender of our will, an entire giving up to God of all our voluntary powers, the hours of unconsciousness would do quite as much for our spiritual renovation as our physical. A sweet elixir would distil upon the spirit, and we should wake up as from under the gentlest influences of God,—like the pilgrim in Bunyan, "whom they laid in a large upper chamber that opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."

S.

CONSOLATION.

"BLESSED are ye," the Lord hath said, —

"Blessed are ye that mourn."

Speak all true hearts, "Lord, even so!

Blessed are all that mourn."

But who shall soothe these weary souls?

Who shall the Comforter be?

On Olivet One prayed alone,

And, praying, wept; — 't is He!

And when shall all this weeping end?

And when shall trouble cease?

The last of all was Calvary,

And after that was peace!

NEARER.

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." — ST. PAUL.

LOST the first sweet gush of feeling
That my Saviour gave to me ;
When, before his throne low kneeling,
I dared say, "I do love Thee."

DIMMED the radiant gleam of Heaven,
That my raptured soul did thrill ;
And the holy peace then given
Every restless thought to still,

IS not now so strong within me ;
And my hope is not so bright ;
And my hands cling not so closely
To the Unseen Hand of might ;

AND the heart that, through all losing,
Would do just as God had willed,
Many a time of its own choosing
Has its wayward work fulfilled ;

AND the faith that, seeing clearly,
Said, "The veil is drawn aside,"
Since has learned, not twilight merely,
But the total dark, to bide ;

AND the strength no toil could weary,
So it was but God's command,
Long has knelt in weakness dreary,
With worn feet and trembling hand.

SINNING ever, failing often,
Is the record of the years :
None but Christ the stain can soften ;
Everywhere his blood appears.

He the Saviour, He the Blesséd,
Wept and prayed, through many an hour,
That not one weak soul hard presséd
Should fall, lacking His great power.

Sanctified in part, not wholly,
Dimly through my tears I see :
But I trust my Saviour solely,
"I will keep them that love me."

Every day His name grows dearer ;
And this sweet thought I receive :
"Now is my salvation nearer,
Than when first I did believe."

Nearer, nearer, each new sunrise
Is one less on earth for me ;
Ere another, these poor, dim eyes,
Bright in glory, Christ may see.

Cherished thought ! ere next Spring greeting,
Violets may be on my grave ;
And dear friends will say, there meeting,
"So soon Christ this soul did save."

Yet what matter, — longer, shorter,
Though my time on earth may be, —
If I but hear, "Patience, daughter,
Let the weary come to me" ?

A. M. S.

HAVERHILL, April 10, 1859.

"NOR is that man less deceived, that thinks to maintain a constant tenure of pleasure, by a continual pursuit of sports and recreations. For it is most certainly true of all these things, that as they refresh a man when he is weary, so they weary him when he is refreshed ; which is an evident demonstration that God never designed the use of them to be continual ; by putting such an emptiness in them as should so quickly fail and hush expectation."

THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE GOSPEL ACCORDING
TO JOHN.

I. PRELIMINARY.

THE first general statement in regard to the whole New Testament, after recognition of the obvious fact that Jesus as the Christ is its primary subject, may be made either affirmatively or negatively. Affirmatively, four of its books are annunciations, each in its own method, of this great subject as believed to be real fact; the fifth book gives an outline of some among the earlier incidents connected with unwritten annunciations of the same Christ, to the Jews first, next to the Gentiles. Then succeed Epistles addressed to such in various places as had received these annunciations into their religious belief, making them the principles of a devout communion. The series is completed by a book full of mysterious visions, illustrating through successive symbols the course, the conflicts, and the final triumph of the power embodied in the new Church. Negatively, none of these books, unless we except that of the Acts, is to be considered as strictly historical or biographical. The four Gospels in particular are what their name imports, — gospels, evangels, annunciations of a benignant message. In the first three, there is certainly more of the historical element, something nearer the common form of biography, than in the fourth; but even these three should be read rather as primitive sermons than as precise biographies. Of the fourth, however, it is proposed now to treat, — the Gospel, as it is called, according to John, and to which, without prejudging or even asking its origin, we may give the name by which it is universally known. The subject before us is simply the book; neither the author by whom it was written, nor the time when it was written, but the book itself, its scope, its meaning, its significance.

Happily for our inquiry, the writer has distinctly stated
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his purpose. His theorem, to use the language of science, is briefly this: Jesus is the Messiah, the Son of God. The theorem he pronounces and demonstrates, so he frankly tells us, not to record an historical fact, not to suggest or excite theoretical speculation, but to produce a spiritual effect in the souls of men,—an effect single or twofold as we contemplate its relation to the sphere of life or its relation to the state of belief. He is seeking to bring men to believe that Jesus is Son of God, to believe in his name, that is, according to Hebrew usage, to believe in that which constitutes his very nature and quality so far as known, and through this belief to become conscious of the life from God which is real life, the life full of bliss and everlasting as its source. But this very statement involves something beyond external history and details, however wonderful, of a peculiar personage, even though proved to be prophet of the Highest. An outer delineation there is indeed, on the one side, an image of the gentlest majesty, of the grandest benignity; but on the other side, or rather within this human form, he presents an order of things purely spiritual, invisible, known, if known at all, through vital perception;—God, his Son, his Christ, his Spirit, his life; belief, a growth within the deepest consciousness, rather than the end of a logical process; the life itself, neither a series of regulated deeds nor a happiness imparted as reward of our fidelity, but the unseen principle—unseen, but never unfelt—of all goodness and all peace. And, let it be marked, whatever the Evangelist gives us of the former, he gives us, not as end, but as means, subsidiary to the highest purpose. The historical personage is brought before us as living image of the Eternal, whose presence fills him. The Christ in person and the Christ in idea, distinctions which we have learned to make, were in him unsevered; and in the one Christ he sought to show the direct presence of the Father.

This general view might be illustrated by particular instances. As one such instance, let it carry us to the intro-

duction of the Gospel. The first thing which the writer speaks of is the Word of God; not a person distinct from God, nor yet a temporary utterance from his lips, but the permanent communication from the Divine Essence into nature which it produces, into soul which it quickens, filling the universe with its perpetual influences. This same Word, the writer expressly declares, this permanent energy of communication, is no other than God himself contemplated as speaking that it is done, as uttering his voice that all things exist. In which Word, he goes on to say, life dwells, shining as light to men, making and entering into the world, and elevating those who receive it to the power and consciousness of children of God. The Word again has become human, assuming visible relations to this earth: full of grace and truth, it has made its abode in humanity. Jesus Christ, in whom this process is fulfilled, converts grace and truth from images of thought to realities of existence, and transfigures law to life. This Son of God, dwelling evermore in the bosom of the Father, brings even the Godhead into the realm of perception. Throughout, it is well to bear in mind the remark already made, that the elements of idea and of person, the spiritual and the historical, instead of being distinguished, as modern thought distinguishes them, are blended completely together, giving us the one Divine Man; as in nature, where science analyzes its objects, even to the air we breathe, sense gives us each in integral unity.

Thus, according to this annunciation, the terms Messiah, Son of God, and the like, are neither titles of dignity nor names of office. Nay, they are more than expressions of identity between the ancient promise and the present fulfilment. The writer would show the Lord as he is, not prove his commission. He would give us the living man, rather than make out that Jesus fulfilled the old prophecies, and is therefore he whom the Jews looked for. He finds the Messiah in the very nature of Jesus. He perceives and proclaims the Son of God, essentially such, in the being

itself. To him, Jesus is the Word become human, the man in whom God enshrines himself; so he is real Messiah, not representative and outward type of Messiah; so, Son of God, as living out the life of the Father.

This conception is not limited to the general statements which introduce the Gospel. It pervades the whole Gospel. It is neither a Jewish image nor a mystic shadow, that we meet anywhere; it is the fresh, living person, man in the body, not an ethereal vapor. If the writer has not assailed this latter view, nor taken pains to assert in a dogmatic form that his Messiah is a substantial person, yet his whole book shows the absence from his mind of any thought which should make the Christ unbodied spirit, and the presence to his mind of a persuasion that the Christ really lived in flesh, feeling human affections, rejoicing and sorrowing in human joys and human sorrows, dying really, and really rising. Nowhere, in fact, are the tokens clearer of the substantial man, though of the man filled, penetrated, overflowing with the Divinity from which his existence issued, and whose pure elements he combined into one glorious form.

I am perfectly aware of having alluded here to a theory of which this Eastern writer had probably never so much as a dream. I confess also, that, in stating his theorem and purpose, I have not so much reproduced his precise thought, as given my own version of his thought. None the less, however, would I press it on the mind, that we strive to dismiss from our interpretations all later theories and modes of thinking, and to draw just as near as we can to the writer and the writer's own conception. Be the doctrines of modern theologies, for example, true or false, let it be remembered that the Evangelist lived long before they had assumed anything like their present shape; that to him the annunciation was indeed spirit, rather than doctrine; power, rather than system; the Christ with us and in us, rather than any logical definition of his nature and his offices. There is nothing here of the Trinity, nothing of the monarchy of the

Father, of the eternal generation of the Son, of the eternal procession of the Holy Spirit; nothing of the one essence and the three persons, of the second person united to human nature so as to render God and man one person and two distinct natures for ever; nothing, again, of the questions which the West added to those of the East, regarding the primeval state of man and his fall, the imputation and transmission of the first man's sin to his posterity, totally corrupting human nature and destroying its very power to choose good; nothing, not one solitary word, of these dogmas which have agitated the human mind for so many centuries, nor of other dogmas which these, and the experiences generated by them, have originated and established. To the questions which such dogmas suggest, let us give the best answer we can; they, too, belong to the grand history of mankind and the unfolding order of God: but let us beware of putting them into the minds and writings of men to whom they would be but as a strange language, suggestions to which an ancient, could he now live and meet them, might say, "True ye may be, false ye may be; but, at any rate, I never saw you before. Ye surely were born later than I." We would let the centuries fall off from us, and try for the while to put on the antique robe, and dwell in the antique realm. The Word, the Life, the Light, the Messiah, the Son of God, we would depict to ourselves neither according to Athanasius nor according to Arius, neither as Trinitarian nor as Unitarian, nor according to the changeable theories on both sides, but according to the idea of a man to whom all such names and theories were simply future and unknown. We may translate him into modern dialect; but let us not antedate our translations by referring them to him.

At the same time, and not so much for particular applications as for universal presupposition, let us recur to a question of the greatest depth and breadth, often discussed since the origin of the Gospels, never alluded to in them. It is

the question at issue between Realism and Nominalism. This question may have been stated in different ways ; and the diversity of statement, thoroughly understood, might lead the parties sometimes almost to change sides : always however, in fact, it involved one central inquiry, — The Truth, is it an absolute and unchangeable reality within itself? or, is it something which exists only in relation to some mind concerning it? The Realist says: "When you speak of Truth, or when, multiplying your words, you speak of Virtue, Justice, Goodness, Power, Life, Spirit, and other the thousand ideas which men call abstractions, you speak of something really existing, something independent of all your thoughts, something which would equally exist, though we were not here to think and speak about it. Thus, Truth is absolute and substantial Being brought into manifestation. Virtue is not an abstract or relative quality, but the absolute Being in a state of activity corresponding with its intrinsic elements. Justice is the absolute Being in action corresponding with itself and all other facts and relations. Goodness is the Being in the act and state of goodness. Power, Life, Spirit, each is the Being exerting its power, living its life, breathed out, as it were, in vital energy." He has but a step to take, the Realist who follows out his thought, to gather all those words and ideas into unity, and to identify them with God ; so that the Being whose name is I AM, shall be recognized as the real presence in what we call abstract things or qualities. The Nominalist, if he be such consistently and throughout, denies all this, making such essences but names and relative images.

The Evangelist never once dreamed of Nominalism and Realism. But the peculiar element which characterizes Realism, unthought of as theory, penetrates all his writings as principle. Of names as mere names, of abstractions as ideas drawn off from realities, and existing only to the fugitive thought or speech, he not only knows nothing, but pursues a method altogether alien to such a theory. Every-

thing is to him real, solid, substantial. Take as instances some words and ideas already referred to: Messiah, not a title, but an existing entity, a Divine reality wrought into human relations; Son of God, not an epithet of dignity or office, but the life itself of God informing and vivifying the personal image; the Word, not an articulate sound, not a temporary speech, but the substantial, living, eternal expression of the Divine mind, God communicating himself; Life, God Living; Light, God shining. Let us look at one other word, perpetually recurring. When in our days men speak of the Spirit, or the Holy Spirit, as, on the one side, a person in the Trinity, or, on the other, as a temper, a disposition, a quality, be onging to individual persons, we need not say they speak falsely, but we may say without reserve that they use language in a sense wholly unlike that of the Evangelist. With the former of these uses he indeed agrees in this one point: Spirit, Holy Spirit, is substantial, living, an absolute reality. Here the agreement ceases: it is not with him a distinct, conscious person, a separate agent. With the latter use, he may contemplate temper or disposition of the person, but only as incident or effect, not as the thing itself. Strictly speaking, spirit is with him no other than absolute Being considered in vital presence and activity. The phrase resolves itself into this, — inward activity of God, from within himself, to within his creations. So, to understand this Gospel, we must not only discover its central purpose, but appreciate its thorough, though perhaps unconscious Realism.

Once more. This has always been looked to as the Gospel of Mysticism. An impression so general, felt by Mystics themselves, scarcely disallowed even by their opponents, one would be slow to think existed without some basis. How does the case stand? It seems to me that we may put it thus: If by Mysticism be meant the perception, instinct with love, of Divine ideas as realities full of beauty and power, we may confess it mystic, just as in this sense all true religion, all real virtue with man, is mystic. But if by Mys-

ticism be meant the predominance of fancy, and of the peculiar feelings connected with fancy, in our religious contemplations, then the impression is mistaken. Fancy there may be, let us rejoice that there is, in this wonderful book ; but nowhere fancy obtruding its shadowy visions for solid truth, never appearing except to enrobe the reality ; making itself but the garment, not the central form ; nor yet a robe to hide the life, but a pure transparency, through which the life alone shines out. The mind, in truth, which gave forth this Gospel, delighted in its visions ; rather, it sought through them to behold and love the thing seen, the Godhead enshrined in humanity.

T. T. S.

PLEADING FOR BAAL.

AND what, asks the reader, do you mean by that ? If he is not too "illuminated" to read the Old Testament, let him turn to the sixth chapter of the Book of Judges, and he will find out. But first a word upon the Book of Judges.

It is our only record of the Jewish people for about three hundred years of their national life, i. e. from the death of Joshua, the conqueror of Canaan, to the death of Samson, about a quarter of a century before the accession of Saul. We must bear in mind as we read this narrative, that it supplies only glimpses of the Twelve Tribes, and is rather the story of their wars than of those peaceful times which yielded no material for the chronicler. It is to be regretted that the book is not arranged, as has sometimes been the case, so as to include the sweet story of Ruth, a quiet tale of domestic life, offering to our eyes, wearied with looking at battle-pieces and the portraits of grim and blood-stained men-at-arms, the beautiful harvest scene, with its central figure radiant in mild, spiritual beauty. One may hope

that, besides the immortal one, there were other Ruths in those troublous times, whose stories were not recorded. But the tales of strife are not without significance. Too strong, it may be, for our modern humanity or effeminacy, they illustrate, in their primitive, rough, and almost Titanic way, our constant nature, and that life of man in the sight of God which is the same evermore. They show that men, even before they have reached a high state of civilization, are ruled to a great extent by ideas, that the ark of God is ever the glory and strength of God's people, and that it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. The picture which supplies our caption has a real human meaning. Gideon, or the Destroyer, had been stirred by a Divine messenger and urged by startling portents to take upon himself the emancipation of his countrymen from the Philistines; and, going at once to the root of the matter, he had first declared war against the idolatry into which his nation had declined. He rightly judged, that until they were done with Baal, they could look for no help from Jehovah; and acting upon the persuasion, and consulting prudence only so far as to guard against needlessly provoking opposition, he demolished the altar and cut down the grove of that intruding Sun-god. The people come with the earliest dawn to worship the visible Lord of day; but instead of a shrine and a holy place, they find a ruin and a desolation, whilst the altar of Jehovah rises from the appointed spot near by, and the offering smokes thereon. The Destroyer does not care to be concealed. He has made his choice, and, meaning to abide the result, encounters the popular indignation; his father witnessing for him that he had done the deed, not in the hot blood of youth, but because the fire of Jehovah was burning in his heart, and he could bear the sight of the idol-shrine no longer. Besides, asked the father, What is this to you? What need that you should plead for Baal? If he be a god, let him speak like a god! If he has a right to an altar, let him defend

his altar! My son's quarrel is not with you, but with Baal: henceforth he shall be Jerubbaal, the man with whom Baal contends, and do you leave Baal to fight his own battles. The multitude were willing to await such interposition, and when they found that no fire came down from heaven to consume Gideon, they hailed as their captain and judge the man whom they had been ready to slay for sacrilege, and the ark of God became again the glory and strength of Israel.

Let Baal plead. The counsel of the old man was wise, worthy to be remembered and repeated, — a lesson for that human nature which is the same in all ages, good for humble as well as for great occasions. If any man speak, let him speak, not for Baal, but as an oracle of God, words of faith and hope and aspiration for what is holiest and best. Steadily refuse everywhere and at all times to be Satan's advocate, or to uphold in any way a doubtful cause. If you cannot speak out of your belief and love, in loyalty to God and goodness, then at least be silent. Amongst the errors and sins of speech we find this of pleading for Baal, not consciously, not often perhaps with any deliberate purpose of calling evil good, or of magnifying the lesser over the greater, and yet really to this effect. The temptations to this sort of advocacy are very insinuating, and we are quite likely to be misled into it through an exaggeration of tendencies and claims which in themselves are very honorable. As one listens to the world's discourse on great and on familiar occasions, he might often be moved to this brief rejoinder: Let Baal plead! The words might well be written upon the walls of our dwellings, amidst the blazonries that adorn the houses of the state or nation, — yes, to great advantage sometimes amongst the mural inscriptions in our places of Christian worship and instruction.

Let Baal plead! The words may well come to our lips when we hear one whose special function it is, or should be, to press the claim of revealed truths, the wisdom of

prophets and apostles, the everlasting lessons of the Great Teacher, upon a careless or hardened world, misusing his great opportunity for giving utterance to the questionings and the doubts of our narrow understandings, confusing the minds of the simple, magnifying the difficulties in the way of faith, marshalling the arguments of scepticism. Sometimes, indeed, opinions are hinderances to belief, and it becomes our duty to oppose them. But even then it is of the first importance always to speak in the interest of faith, from revering minds and hearts, putting the affirmation before the denial, as one whose proper business is fulfilment, not destruction. If there are concessions to be made by the believer to science, to history, to the advancing moral sense of mankind, let them cheerfully and honestly be made, that the cause of pure religion may be the stronger; but let not intellectual conceit parade them as grand discoveries, and offer to men who must die unless they can hear the truth, only denials, only warnings against errors. Prompt, wise, careful admissions are what may fairly be demanded of the friends of religion in this direction, — so much, but not eloquent advocacy, that should be expended on the side of faith, in the effort to deepen and enlarge those convictions which are the glory and the defence of our souls. Hear the other side! is an excellent maxim, but one may hear both sides without himself presenting both sides. Let doubt plead its own cause, — advocates even of unbelief will never be wanting. Should you be silent in your moods of uncertainty and questioning, the world will lose nothing; wait until, through a healthy antagonism, a new form of belief has been developed over against your doubt, and the world shall bless you for its utterance. There are those of whom it may truly be said, that every word which ever fell from their lips or flowed from their pens was on the side of faith, — in behalf of the highest and holiest. Is it not a most glorious testimony?

Let Baal plead. We should be tempted to the same

rejoinder, were we to hear from lips that ought to be consecrated frequent or earnest advocacy of things merely tolerable, to be borne with on account of the frailty of human nature, or the hardness of human hearts, or the slow movements of human thought, but not in any wise to be maintained as true and abiding. Let those who seem to need half-truths, imperfect regulations, defend them as they best can. The matter, so far as it has any just claims, is safe in their hands. Prophets of smooth things are never wanting. Man and his imperfections never want an advocate: it is the cause of God which lacks earnest pleaders. If there is an easier view to be taken of human life, if for any reason it seems necessary to say a word for this world, its works or its amusements, there will be voices enough to take up the parable. Why not plead for the interests and enjoyments of earth and sense? it is asked. Simply, we reply, because there is no need, simply because they will plead for themselves; the emphasis is all demanded on the other side; the difficulty is to win men, not for the visible, but for the invisible. Why not reassure the weak and wandering with promises of forgiveness, and unlimited lessons of love? Simply, we reply, because there is no need: the difficulty is to hold men to the solemnities of life, its moral obligations and necessities. Let Baal plead. The words press to the lips whenever we hear men misled by the claims of a false liberality into pleas for opinions or institutions which, although they may still be tenable for others, would be untenable for them, and positive offences. It is enough if we witness for what we believe to be true and profitable,—let others do likewise; there is no need that we should add our voices to theirs, or be apologists for anything which, in our circumstances, would be sin. Sometimes the vituperations and unqualified censures of over-zealous reformers tempt us to come to the help of their victims; we wish to see justice done,—we feel that there is something to be said on the other part,—we are annoyed by heated

and indiscriminating language, — before we are aware of it, we are on the wrong side. Let Baal plead. Superstition, bigotry, dogmatism, outgrown and doomed institutions, will find voices enough; Romanism, despotism, slavery, do not need our advocacy; let them plead for themselves, — and may God give us grace to herald and to commend to our brethren the ideas and the institutions of the life which is to be.

But there are other and more familiar applications of this ancient word of counsel. We have said that it might well be inscribed upon the walls of our dwellings, and there is not a little of common human speech which, whatever may be its design, and although it may be frequently the expression of thoughtlessness, serves only to set forth the power and abundance of evil and sin in the world. The words of the fault-finder, the criticisms of the ill-natured, the chronicles of human frailty, the unfavorable interpretations of acts which admit of a double construction, the perpetual question, asked alike of the best and of the worst, *Doth Job serve God for naught?* the sneer, the persistent exhibition of the dark and unlovely in the life of our world, — what else could Satan ask as the fruit of the lips from his most earnest advocates? Could the speech of the world be predicted and announced beforehand to those from whom it is destined to proceed, they might often say, "*Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?*" — that he should speak such words of any brother or friend, of any human being whatsoever, save of extremest necessity and in the deepest sadness? Surely every friend of God and man must greatly desire to magnify the good of life, — to find and celebrate virtues, moral triumphs, — to make the best, and not the worst of men, — to show how in the multitude of instances the most weighty trusts are not violated, but scrupulously discharged, — to throw faults into the background, instead of thrusting them conspicuously forward, — to call up from obscure places instances of humble heroism and every-day faithfulness, — to

expend whatever skill one may have in grouping and coloring, in bringing out the lights and graces and perfections of this checkered scene. It is God's world, and whatsoever there is of good in it redounds to the glory of God, whilst evils and sins are so many mysteries and perplexities which try, if they do not stagger, our faith; and yet there are those who, in utter disregard of all sad inferences, will have it that the larger part of mankind are either abominably wicked, or utterly absurd and ridiculous. It is pleading for Baal. It is an indirect denial of the blessed and comfortable doctrine that this world, in many of its aspects at least, is beautiful, and our Father's.

Is it incumbent upon any so to plead? We may be told in reply, that if the fact be so, if sins and evils do so abound in human life, the truth, saddening as it may be, should be spoken. Perhaps so, sometimes, if it is spoken in sadness, — admitted, not exulted in, — reluctantly whispered, not sedulously blazoned. But one is often at a loss to see what possible advantage can come from the largest portion of the evil-speaking which enter into human speech, — what cause can be advanced, what soul of man can be built up by them. They serve only to make us think meanly of each other and of ourselves; they are not those words of love which provoke to amendment, and since they are not pleasant things to utter, we may well leave them to find a voice as they can. Let Baal plead for himself! If for any reason it is important that the darker side of human life should be exhibited, there will be enough to do it. Let bitterness and sourness and disappointment and malice do their own dreary work, without any help from believers in God, and lovers of mankind, and friends of Christ, who, perfect as he was, loved the imperfect, and deemed all men worth saving. Besides, a zeal for fact and truth should engage us to set forth the good things of the world which lie hidden, the noble deeds that are not written down in the daily and published record of horrors. The honest men are not chronicled in police re-

ports. They do not supply items to those who hunt for startling disclosures. Blessed, encouraging facts ever wait for him who would plead, not for Baal, but for God. We find what we seek. We see what we bring means of seeing. Our vision is according to our desire and our faith. Moreover, a vast deal of the evil-speaking of the world is an impeachment of motive, an assertion of inward evil where the appearances and the outward acts are good, — skilful and labored argument to prove that under a fair surface there lurks a foul heart, — a claim for Baal of what professes to belong to God. It is better to take honesty and simplicity for granted, where that theory is admissible. It has been said, we know, that "scandal is nothing more than inverted love of humanity." The interest which we feel in each other leads to personalities, and personalities would be indiscriminating, tame, and tedious, were they in the main laudatory, and would often lose not a little of their zest should they be carefully balanced. This more perhaps than deliberate spitefulness is the explanation of much evil-speaking. The desire to amuse is sadly liable to mislead. But surely hearts that can find entertainment in the recital of the sins and follies of companions and friends, must be far from right, and endowed, to say the least, with very little moral sensitiveness. It is fortunate when the grasp and culture of the mind are large enough to insure the discussion of principles rather than of persons, or at least of those historic personages and heroes of literature who are removed beyond the reach of envyings and suspicions; but if this cannot be, how refreshing and stimulating beyond any jealous detraction the heart-felt recognition of merit, the warm and scarcely measured eulogium, — such, for example, as that passed upon the great inventor, James Watt, by one of his friends, — an eulogium of which it was said, it is difficult to determine whether the honor of having uttered it be not as great as the honor of having inspired it, — so common, alas! is it to plead for Baal, so rare to celebrate goodness.

Silence has well been called golden. Where it is maintained by stern self-restraint, it is anything but a negative excellence. "Quick to hear, slow to speak," is a Scriptural commendation. Far oftener than is needful we volunteer judgments. Our character for discernment seems to be at stake, and we must speak in order to maintain it; but even were this so, kindliness, genial recognition of merit, and a sympathy not inverted, are better than discernment. "True charity," says Paul, "believeth all things." The world sets no very high value upon such charity as that, and yet how much nobler and more gracious is it than the jealousy which finds no beauty in anything, and believes in no one. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh"; therefore by our words we shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned. For when the heart is wise, loving, trusting, we are sure to be advocates of wisdom, love, and faith, — we leave the dark side of life to assert itself as it can; our speech is in demonstration of the spirit and in power; our lips frame those hopeful words which bring back to the earth the light and beauty of heaven, that faded away quickly whilst the scorner spake. Let Baal plead against us, if he will. Let him maintain, if he can, his own cause. Only the Lord of truth and righteousness has any claim upon the lips of the sons and daughters of men.

E.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

FROM SPENSER.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us, that succor want;
How oft do they, with golden pinions, cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant:
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

HEALTH AND HEALING.*

THE Machineel and the White-wood
Are growing side by side;
And the White Ash spreads its guardian shade
Near where venomous serpents glide.
The poison and the antidote
Grow under the selfsame sun,
And prevention, a richer boon than cure,
Is given to every one.

If the breath of the deadly Machineel
Has dimmed your health-bright eye,
The White-wood, waving its friendly arms,
Says softly, Thou shalt not die.
Under the boughs of the White Ash keep,
And the rattles you may hear,
And see the gleam of the angry eye,
And never feel a fear.

If you have slipped, recover, —
There is help in power divine;
A blessed gift is repentance;
And the Word, in every line,
Bids him that strays, back to the way
That he has left return,
And every human soul has need
This lesson of love to learn.

But we must strive that we may not slip,
And to be upheld must pray;
The White-wood helps us when we fail,
The Ash when we steadfast stay;
Both are fair trees in the garden of God,
Both are for human need;
And every lesson our Father writes
It is good for his children to read.

* The Machineel is a poisonous tropical tree, whose unhealthful effect is counteracted by the White-wood which is always to be found near it. The White Ash is the dread of the *Crotalus Horridus*, or Rattlesnake. Being cured by the White-wood is like being penitent; being protected from harm by the White Ash is like being held back from sinning.

MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND.

No. VI.

JOHN JACKSON found himself at the time of the separation among the nicknamed; and it was doubtless of great importance to him, that his attention was thus called to review the circumstances under which the discipline was originally initiated, and to see that it was subject to a corruption of which the Friend's first principle was insusceptible. He saw that there was a transient and a permanent element of the Christian Church, and that the former must ever be secondary to the latter, which holds to the former a relation analogous to that of the principle of vegetation to the deciduous forms. As soon as any Friend should rest upon the *forms*, whether of speech, of dress, or of thought, for justification, instead of seeking the living word in their own souls, these forms ceased to be helps to Christian development, and became hinderances. The differing bodies of Friends published books which contained their differing views, and the Orthodox Friends took such measures to make known their want of unity with the others, that the surrounding Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, &c. came to consider them as Unitarian heretics; and the idea got abroad in the world, that the Hicksites were those who had deserted the ground of George Fox and William Penn! But whoever will read the memoirs of these two remarkable confessors, will find that they always stood for the very liberty Hicks claimed, and were jealous of the ultimate effect of organizing the discipline, from the first.

The history and analysis of the organization of the Friends' Society, to which John Jackson's attention was called, because the controversy began just before he entered the ministry, will give the key to his unsuperstitious character and ministry. It saved him from being the victim of an organization which he always regarded with reverent affection,

and said it afforded him all the liberty he wished. For he always looked at it as an instrumentality merely, and criticised it freely; seeking light whereby to reform and purify it, and several times proposing improvements which were adopted into the Book of Discipline.

He revered, still more than the Book of Discipline, the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament; but he considered them also to have, like the Church, a divine and human element, and, realizing that "the letter killeth," sought, from "the Spirit that makes alive," light to read them by, and exhorted others to do likewise. He never doubted their *inspiration*, because his own experience lighted up their record of transient events; making them symbols of truths, ever new and living, which he saw their writers also recognized as permanent. In striking contrast to the sectarianism that excommunicated this faithful Friend from "the Orthodox" minority, are the following thoughts, which were the last pages of a diary that he kept till within a few days of his death.

"In the religious disputes which have distracted human society, the true life of religion is generally lost; the nobler virtues of the soul are buried beneath the heated zeal of sectarian bitterness. It is no longer the philosophy of Christianity they seek to defend, but abstract dogmas, or forms, the most frivolous and unimportant. Purity of life is no protection, no evidence of a man's Christianity, the moment that he is suspected by his self-constituted judges of a defective faith. An *unimportant difference of opinion* in speculative theology is vastly more criminal, and represented as more offensive to God than an immoral life.

"That the anathemas of the Church should have been directed so frequently against individuals of unsullied piety and virtue, is proof of itself sufficient of her apostasy, and calculated to make her an object of loathing and disgust, and deserving the merited condemnation she receives from those she has been accustomed to accuse of wholesale infidelity.

“ There is scarcely a religious sect that has not been deluded by a spirit of Antichrist in presuming to sit in judgment on the consciences of their members. The Catholic Church claims the right (in the presumed infallibility of its judgment in matters pertaining to the spiritual interests of man) to demand the surrender of the conscience to the decrees of her ecclesiastical councils, and to enforce them to the extent of her temporal power, by temporal punishments. And *every* sect among Protestants has been infected to a greater or less extent by a measure of the same fanatical spirit; for we call that genuine fanaticism which substitutes anything as a test of religion but a religious life. We see how soon after the Reformation this Papal doctrine was introduced, and what deplorable divisions its introduction immediately gave rise to, many of which would have put the darkest deeds of Popery to the blush. The burning of Servetus and its attendant circumstances, the persecution on the continent of Europe, the burning of martyrs in England, the hanging of Quakers in America, show how fully Protestant Christianity has imbibed this desolating and persecuting spirit.

“ It is difficult to account for these infatuations upon any other principle than to ascribe them to a false method which men have adopted of defining Christian philosophy. In numerous instances the persecuted have in turn become the most cruel and vindictive of persecutors. We need refer only to the history of the Church to discover the fact of this spiritual wickedness in high places, which has been so mournfully written and confirmed by the blood of martyrs.

“ In our own time, we have seen the desolating work of this spirit in a sect where, above all others, we should have the least expected to find it,—we mean in the Society of Friends! One would be inclined to think, after all the persecutions the early Quakers endured in the defence of the right of private judgment, the unconditional freedom of conscience, and the little value they attached to abstract

dogmas and creeds, that they would not have fallen into the error of condemning *one another* for differences of opinion, and especially from condemning those whose lives have been models of integrity and Christian philanthropy, which no enemies ever attempted to assail. We will better illustrate our remarks by reference to two individuals, now no longer among the living, belonging to opposite parties, — Elias Hicks and John James Gurney.

“The schism which rent the Society a quarter of a century ago, and produced the most acrimonious spirit, was occasioned by an attempt to invalidate the religious standing of Elias Hicks, upon the charge, among other things, that he undervalued the Scriptures, and entertained erroneous opinions respecting the divinity of Christ. He was denounced as an infidel, and no epithets were too opprobrious to be employed in the defamation of his character. His opinions were considered too heretical for the orthodox standard of Quakerism, which his self-constituted judges drew up and explained in numerous declarations of their faith and belief; and he, and all who favored his sentiments, were regarded as having lost their Quakerism, and therefore as unworthy even to bear the name of their sect. Elias Hicks, however, was called from works to rewards, after a life of more than fourscore years, during which among his fellow-men he exhibited the strictest integrity, his life being a rare example of honesty and intrinsic moral worth, devoted to the good of his fellow-men. Not only his public ministry, but his performance of private duties, are all memorials of his Christianity, which make comment on his character superfluous and unnecessary.

“But no sooner had the troubles of this schism begun to subside, than those who had joined in these demonstrations against Elias Hicks, and had attempted to fortify themselves against further defections of the faith, found it necessary to assail one of their most worthy members, on the ground that his opinions were too *orthodox* for their standard of Quakerism.

"This noted individual was J. J. Gurney, one of the English Quakers (who had been powerful allies of their American brethren in suppressing what they supposed to be the heresy of Elias Hicks). This unhappy controversy is still waging, and is at the time we write a fruitful source of crimination and recrimination. We do not meddle with it. All we have to say is, that the character of Gurney, like the character of Hicks, was unsullied. He devoted his life to promoting the good of his fellow-creatures, and was active in every work of benevolence. He fulfilled his mission as a Christian, and died in the assurance of a blessed immortality.

"These two individuals, who were denounced by their sectarian judges, men whose genuine Christianity no one pretends to dispute, so far as they are to be judged by their fruits, are brought forward here, not as isolated cases by any means, but as a striking illustration of the consummate folly of Christians' condemning one another for differences of religious opinion."

The foregoing words were the last that flowed from John Jackson's pen before he died, in 1855. But the view he held in 1832, which was the alpha to this omega, may be inferred from the following extracts from his correspondence with his family, while he was on the journey alluded to in No. IV.

"A circumstance a little singular happened at one of our meetings, a few days since. We had a Friend from Port Elizabeth who went before us to appoint the meetings, and when he came to the place of which I now speak, he was asked, if the women Friends were the old-fashioned Quakers, and orthodox in doctrine. He told them they were. 'Well, did *they* believe in the doctrines of ancient Fox, Penn, &c.?' 'Yes, they held the doctrines of ancient Friends'; — and with this information a meeting was easily procured. Priscilla * was led to speak on the subject of

* She did not know of any questions having been raised.

salvation by Christ, and that the only hope of salvation was through him. But when they came to find out that we were *Hicksites*, they were surprised at this. We were asked by a respectable man, at whose house we lodged, — a Baptist, — if those women preached what was called the Hicksite doctrine. We told him, ‘They preached the doctrines of Friends, and they had been called, in derision, *Hicksites*.’ ‘Well,’ said he, ‘if that *is* Hicksite doctrine, it is good enough for me; but I had understood that Mr. Hicks had no belief in a Saviour,’ &c., &c. We found he had been misinformed by some of the false publications of ‘the orthodox.’ We told him what Elias’s views were on several subjects, and he was well satisfied with the explanation.

“Last evening we held the first Friends’ meeting that was ever held in this place (Cape Island, New Jersey), and many of the people never heard a woman nor a Friend preach before. One of the ministers, a rigid Presbyterian, made all the opposition he could to our having a meeting here. He refused to let us have a church. I cannot but believe, that by making this public opposition he did more to collect a meeting than could have been done in any other way. Our meeting was held in one of the large boarding-houses; a more convenient place we did not want.”

From Cedarville he writes:—

“Thee has no idea, my dear sister, of the prejudice that has been instilled into the minds of many people by some of the high professors, to discountenance the doctrines of Elias Hicks. Some time since, a camp-meeting was held near Tuckahoe, where the presiding elder of the Methodists, after he had summed up, as he thought, the doctrines of Elias Hicks, and set them forth in ‘orthodox style,’ wound up by saying: ‘And now, brethren, what shall we do with such a man? He is not fit to live in a Christian land; he ought to be sent to hell.’ At another time he said: ‘Hell

is a too good place for him!’ This kind of language was rather more than his congregation could bear, and from that time he was forbidden to say anything about Elias Hicks; and the zeal of this people has become so much tempered with charity, that they offered their meeting-house for Priscilla to hold a meeting in! There are many others whose sentiments are liberal, and whose hearts and houses are open to receive all such as declare themselves to be the friends of the Gospel. It has been our lot to meet with many such in these parts, where no ‘Friends’ reside.

“On first-day afternoon, we had a large meeting in a Baptist meeting-house. Priscilla rose with this language: ‘Behold mine elect whom I have chosen; behold the body of Christ. But where, my friends, is this body of Christ, seeing that Jesus’s outward body is now no more?’ She then set forth, in a very plain manner, what the body of Christ was; that it was composed of living and sanctified members, who alone could constitute a church that will reign triumphant in heaven. She spoke one hour and a half; and I thought, if I had never before had the evidence of her being a Gospel minister, I had sufficient then; and if ever any woman was gifted to supplicate, surely she was on that interesting occasion.

“We were very kindly entertained that night in the village, and on second day we had a pleasant ride to Newport, and held a large meeting in a school-house in the afternoon, and the word was preached with power. Priscilla commenced with the language of Paul: ‘One Lord, one faith, one baptism.’ ‘I find,’ she says, ‘as I travel up and down in the land, among the various professors of Christianity, living members of the true Church of Christ, who are sincerely desiring the welfare and happiness of all the rational family; and these are they who compose that Church that hath celestial wings, and which alone can waft its members into the bright regions of eternal day.’

“The people in these parts are unacquainted with Friends’

manner of worship; and some are very unwilling to believe that our friends speak from immediate impressions, but rather that they have studied all these things, and prepared them beforehand; and many of them look upon our manner of worship as a dead form. But it is to be hoped that the day will come when He who has promised to teach his people himself, will unfold, to the understandings of them who believe not, the mysteries of that kind of worship which is not performed on any mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth.

"Priscilla tells the people she does not wish to proselyte them to any one society of people, but her mission is to call them away from all sectarian prejudices and traditions of men, to 'the WORD that is nigh unto them, in their heart, and in their mouth,' that they may be no longer scattered abroad, as sheep without a shepherd, on the barren mountains of an empty profession.

"At Bridgton, we made application to a Presbyterian for a house to hold a meeting in. He hesitated; was afraid we were Hicksites. I told him we were not ashamed to acknowledge that we held the doctrines advocated by Elias Hicks, though we did not call ourselves by that name. He told us, if we held those views, he could not give his consent. We told him we could have the court-house, and invited him to lay down his prejudices, and come and hear for himself. We accordingly put the court-house in order, and had a meeting that evening, and as many people attended as it would conveniently accommodate.

"Priscilla's views are not confined within the limits of sectarianism; but to her all denominations of people are equally near and dear, being aware that a true follower of the Lamb must have that mark of discipleship by which alone they can ever be designated, namely, Love one to another."

These extracts must serve to designate the spirit of the young disciple, when it was most vexed by the sectarian op-

position which had just sprung up within the bosom of the Friends' Society. It was the adequate germ of the full-blown flower of saintly charity and enlightened intelligence.

That the visitation of Priscilla Cadwallader was eminently successful at this time, and that the multitude received her ministry of charity and faith gladly, was evinced by the full houses of Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians who listened to her, and often followed to other towns. The "Gospel" she preached was, that the Holy Ghost manifests itself in reproof and guidance within every earnest and prayerful soul, will it only trust and believe in a Divine Father.

E. P. P.

DEATH.

A SERMON BY REV. EDMUND H. SEARS.

AMOS v. 8 : — "Seek him that turneth the shadow of death into the morning."

I HAVE very often spoken of death, but I suppose in such a way that my younger hearers may not understand what I mean. I shall therefore address this sermon to them, as well as to older people. Perhaps you will think I have chosen a very gloomy subject. Perhaps you would rather hear of something else, — of life, flowers, health, and happiness. But it is not a subject of *my* choosing, — God chose it for me. It is a fact which he brings often to our attention, whether we wish it or not, — for we have the fact of death before us almost every day. Besides, I want very much that young persons should think rightly upon this subject; for I remember how much I suffered when a child from false notions about it, — how often, indeed, my cheerful day was turned into dismal night by thinking about it. It was one of my earliest sorrows, and one which will probably be remembered as long as any other, when a little girl that

went to school with us died suddenly, and we stood sobbing around her coffin, not knowing what it meant. And I have often thought since, that, if some one had explained to us what it meant, the lesson would have aided very much in making us good and happy. For these reasons I am moved to speak of this subject to the children, having recently spoken of it to elder people. And yet I do not know but we may disregard this distinction altogether; for before the solemn teachings of God, we are all children.

I shall divide my sermon into three parts, that we may better remember it, — for what is the use of preaching sermons unless we remember them and carry them home with us?

I shall first speak of false notions about death, which children as well as grown persons are very apt to get. Then, in the second place, I shall try to explain what the true idea is about it; and lastly, I shall point out some practical lessons which come to us from our view of the subject. In short, what we should not believe about it, what we should believe, and then what we ought to do about it.

1. There are a great many false ideas about death which have been handed down to us from an unenlightened past; but I do not intend to go over them all. It was once thought by many, and children are apt to get the notion now, that death is an actual person that comes and carries people away, — some dreadful being that might be seen and felt. You often hear the expression yet, that about such a time a person was "*struck with death*." This phrase originated in the idea that some being or person actually came with some kind of weapon and touched or struck the sick man, and from that moment there was a change, and he began to die. People now will sometimes tell the very moment when they supposed some such thing happened to one about to die. Now I want you to understand that this is all a superstition and a delusion, and that no clear mind thinks or believes any such thing. There is no such person

as death. You hear death spoken of as such, both in poetry and common speech; and when a boy, I read a long dialogue in poetry between Christ, Youth, the Devil, and Death, and I supposed it all real, and that Death could talk and make speeches; and this is a notion that sometimes, I suppose, makes the idea of death so hideous to children. There is no such person as Death, — any more than there is such a person as Grief, or Darkness, or Weariness; and there is no time when a person is struck with death, — no time indeed when any mysterious change begins to take place, unless it be when we begin to be sick.

There is another false notion about death which we are apt to get. It is this: that death is a gloomy passage-way through which we must pass in going from this world to another. We get this notion perhaps from some figurative expressions in the Bible, where it is called the valley of the shadow of death; hence, the dark valley. Hence, again, the river of death, as if there were some dark waters to be rowed over. This was the idea which the heathen had, and it is just about as absurd as the one respecting the dark valley. Now we shall see, when we come to explain what death is, that, so far from passing over a dark river, or through a dark valley, when we die, we really shall not pass anywhere or go anywhere, because death is not a change from place to place, — not a motion through any space whatsoever.

There is still another notion about death: that it introduces people into the open and awful presence of God, — that people are actually brought by it into his personal presence, so that the faculties will be overawed and terrified. Now we have none of us been in the spiritual world; but we know pretty well now what spiritual laws are, and we know something from what the Bible says, that this is not so. The only way to see God is by becoming more pure and holy. We approach him by becoming more and more like him; we become conscious of his nearer presence by Christian

progress and regeneration. Hence the Bible says, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall *see* God." By merely dying, then, we shall not *see* God, or be conscious any more of his presence, unless after death we may advance more rapidly in holiness, which may be true. Seeing God *there*, then, and being brought into his nearer presence, will not shock us and overwhelm us, but make us glad and joyous and happy, like seeing the sun. And the very punishment of the wicked will be that they will not see him; but, as the Bible says, be away "from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." It is the absence of God from us that we have to dread, — not being brought nearer to him. Hence the hymn,

"If on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

There is yet another notion about death which is false, I think, and which children will be very liable to get, — that it destroys the most real and substantial part of us. You see a body laid in the grave; you think that body was the most important part of that person, therefore perhaps you only think of him afterwards as a dim shadow. You think that body must be raised again, and the spirit come back into it, else the person could not be the real and bright being he was before. Hence you sometimes see it written on tombstones, that the dust will be raised again. I should be very sorry to think so. I should be sorry to believe that, after I had worn out my body and done with it, I must come back into it again, especially as most of our bodies are not very good ones, and cause us a good deal of pain and suffering. No, these bodies are not the most real and substantial part of us; they rather conceal that which is;

and we shall be more real and living forms after death than before. You know Christ after his resurrection, as seen by John, was a more bright and glorious person than when in the flesh, and he needed not to come back into the body that hung upon the cross and lay in the tomb, to make him appear so bright. These then are the notions of death which I want you to avoid: that it is a person who comes and strikes people; that it is some dark passage through which we are to travel; that it introduces us into the sudden and awful presence of God, so as to shock and overcome us; or that it will take away the most real and substantial part of us, and turn us into ghosts and shadows. Avoid such notions, which only lead you away from the truth.

2. I now come to the second part of my sermon, in which I am to show what death really is. And perhaps you would like to ask me, if you could get up here and speak your thoughts, how I know anything about death, since I have never died myself, and since no one that did ever came back to tell us what it is. If any one should say this to me, I should answer by denying its truth. We die every day, — partially, I mean. Our bodies are changing all the while, and we get to know pretty well what death is by observation and experience. Indeed, I presume we may know now what death is in itself, as well as we ever shall. The scenes that follow that event we only know by revelation. But death itself pertains to the body; and we know what it is while in the body, rather than out of it. A great many people have passed through all the conscious changes of death, and then come back into consciousness again. But if they never had come back or woke into life again, they would have known no more that pertains to this world or this body. So you perceive that we do know, from experience and revelation combined, about all there is to know of this event of death. What then is it? Perhaps I could not describe it any better than by saying that it is *waking up out of sleep*. I suppose you experience something very

much like death every morning. During the night, your senses are locked fast in sleep. You see things in your dreams, but you see them dimly. You dream that you play, and go to school, and do a great many things; but in your sleep all these things are unreal and shadowy. There is a whole world around you which for the time you do not see. Perhaps the morning sun rises and shines through your window, and finds you sleeping still, — living in your world of dreams and shadows. There is a bright sky over you, and the green earth all around you, and the morning air is broken into whirls and eddies of song by a thousand birds; but you see and hear nothing of all this; you are locked fast in sleep, and living only in a dim world of dreams. But by and by your senses uncloze, the world of dreams all passes away, and then this other world of sky and earth and air and woods and waters is all given to your sight. You come out of that world of dreams into this world of beauty and song, — not by travelling off somewhere, but simply by *waking up*. You open your eyes, and a new world lies about you. But you are to understand that you have not yet waked up into the highest world that there is. There is a higher and a brighter one yet. What you saw in your sleep compared with what you saw when you awoke, is as this whole world we now look upon compared with one we shall look upon when death wakes us up to it. Hence you find in good books that this world is called one of dreams and shadows. I remember two lines of an old hymn :

“Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away, — *our life's a dream.*”

And another:

“This world is but a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given.”

They do not mean that our internal spiritual life is a dream, but they mean that our outward life, with all its shows, is

dreamy and dim compared with the one which we are to awake into at the touch of death. The fashion of this world passeth away, says the Apostle. We shut our eyes upon it at death, and wake up in another, — just as we wake out of our dreams into the midst of bright realities every morning. So you see that persons when they die do not travel off into space somewhere to find the spiritual world; they have a sense within which simply wakes up to what before was all about and within them, though invisible. And I do not know that death is the last waking up that we shall have. I do not know but we have deeper and deeper faculties yet, that will keep waking up, stage after stage, to deeper and deeper realities, and brighter and brighter worlds of being, for ever and for ever, — opening inward and inward away towards God, the central Life of all. At any rate put it down as a first truth, Death is not a sleep, but a waking up. *This* is our sleep, — our dull life in these sluggish bodies. Death wakes us out of it, and then it is morning. •

These truths the best and clearest minds have always seen. You have met I presume with those sweet lines which describe the death of a good woman :

“ Ere the morn came, dim and sad,
And wet with early showers,
Her gentle eyelids closed, — she had
Another morn than ours.”

I have read about the death of some good men, whose countenances after they had died — that is, the face of the body which they had just left — looked as if they had just waked up to something glorious. This was the case with Cowper, who wrote some of our best hymns. He was a pious, good man, but he did not know the fact himself, and so he died in gloom and despair. But after he died, the expression of his face altered. From an expression of gloom, it changed into one of “ holy surprise,” — as if the spirit had said, when waking up to immortality, “ How different from

what I expected! I thought I should wake up in a world of horrors; but I have waked up in the midst of angels." And this holy surprise left its expression on the cold clay which the spirit left behind.

3. I think now I have explained sufficiently to you what death is. Perhaps you may not all of you understand it fully; perhaps you do not all care sufficiently about it. But I know, if these truths had dawned clearly upon me in my boyhood, they would have been to me like a rainbow in the sky. But I had to find the way as well as I could out of the dark and false notions which came down to me from a dark past, and which I hope will not trouble you.

It is sad to miss those we have loved and played with, — who have been with us in the Sunday school and the family. You feel sad that you shall not see them here any more; for I do not know of anything so sweet as infant love. It is so clear and pure, that God's love shines through it like the sun through crystals. But they only waked up sooner than we to the morning, — to them a morning without any clouds. And in coming to the third and last part of my sermon, which was to inquire, What are we to do about death? I have only to say, Do good and be good, — so that, when you wake up in the spiritual world, you will wake up happy and in the midst of joyous and pleasant things, in the midst of God's blessed angels; — as Christ says, they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of condemnation. You read in the Bible of saints and angels. What a pleasant thought it is, that we may not merely read about them, but live with them, as we live with our parents, brothers, and sisters here! Yes, that we may wake up some day among them, as we wake out of a dream in the morning and find ourselves among the family. But to do this, we must be like them. As I said, we must do good and be good; and if you would ask more definitely what it is to do good, I answer, it is to make others happy. That is the whole of

it. Study to make others happy. The employments of heaven consist in making others happy. The study and the employments of angels consist in making each other happy. Heaven consists in this, and nothing else. If everybody did this, it would make heaven here. You very soon find out what makes others happy, by knowing what makes you happy yourselves. You may know, then, that if it is the work and the study of your life every day to make everybody happy that you can, you are living for heaven; and that when you die you will — not *go* to heaven, — for heaven is not a place that you can travel into, — but you will wake up *in* heaven and among good angels, since in your mind and heart you will have been with them already, and need only to wake up in order to see them. In this way you are to seek Him who turneth the shadow of death into the morning.

HYMN TO THE ASCENDED.

My beautiful, my angel!
I watched thy slumbers sweet,
When in thine infant innocence,
Soft cradled at my feet,
Thy gentle breathing soothed me;
Thy beauty undefiled
Awaked my heart to blissful hope,
My own, my first-born child!

My beautiful, my angel!
I saw the reaper, Death,
With overshadowing wing descend,
And draw away thy breath;
I saw the snowy mantle
Enwrap thy little form:
I bowed in silence, for I knew
Who sent the gathering storm.

My beautiful, my angel !
I laid thee in the dust ;
But ever, 'mid the thin, white clouds,
Did He, in whom I trust,
Make me to feel thy presence,
The beauty of thy face,
Looking upon my daily path,
A comfort and a grace.

My beautiful, my angel !
Another precious one
From loving arms did pass away,
My bright, my first-born son.
The joy of life was on his brow,
His movement like a bird ;
And where the sports were merriest,
His voice was ever heard.

My beautiful, my angel !
How weary were the nights,
When on the couch of suffering
Thy spirit, in its flights
Of wild and restless wandering,
Lay bound beneath a spell !
And as the hours were passing by
We knew, alas ! too well,

My beautiful, my angel !
That thy fair head must lie
With thy sweet angel sister's form,
Beneath the turf hard by.
We bore thee from our dwelling,
We laid thee 'neath the snow ;
O, as it were but yesterday,
Comes up that "long ago" !

My beautiful, my angel !
When thy sweet spirit fled,
How many cherished flowers of hope
Faded, since thou wast dead !

But Heaven beamed more fully ;
And earth more holy grew ;
And hopes more pure were nurtured there,
But not by earthly dew.

I sat me down contented,
For spirits everywhere
Sang through my lowly dwelling-place,
And waved their wings of air.
I listened to their whispers ;
I felt their peerless gaze :
I knew in full communion now
They pondered o'er my ways.

My beautiful, my angel !
And couldst *thou* leave me too ?
That arm on which I rested, love,
That heart, so nobly true ?
The reaper came and lingered
Above that gentle head ;
And made the room a heaven of peace,
Whence that last breath had fled.

My beautiful, my angel !
O, *grief* I shunned so long, —
So poignant, so resistless, — ay,
So deathless, deep, and strong ;
I met it, I received it ;
And on my aching breast
Bore from the loving Father's hand
The wound his wisdom pressed.

My beautiful, my angel !
God took thee from my side :
He lent, but claimed his own again :
His will be glorified !
O earth, thou home of spirits !
Yea, how they gather round,
To raise us, to sustain us still,
To consecrate the ground !

My beautiful, my angel !
Once more the silent air
Is trembling with a presence sent
His message sad to bear.
So meekly lay the sufferer,
As, drooping day by day,
She, long so loved and revered,
Faded from life away.

My beautiful, my angel !
Though now thy last embrace
Meets not my throbbing, yearning heart,
Thy kisses leave no trace,
Yet in the hour of worship,
In the tried hour of care,
In the full heart's clear sunshine, lo !
Thy love enfolds me there.

My beautiful, my angels !
How rich, how hallowed glow
The fresh, bright hours of lifetime, while
We linger here below !
While round us ye are hovering,
While onward ye will lead,
And upward, bearing lightly now
The hearts that else would bleed.

O spirits of our loved ones,
Bright messengers of God !
With what fond love ye aid the soul
In seeking His abode.
We would not ye should suffer
With those who linger here,
But we would rise, all purified,
To your serener sphere.

Ye beautiful, sweet angels !
Gather about us still,
Enkindling in our yielding hearts
The flame of that strong will,

Which makes us ever ready
 The cross of grief to bear ;
 With high resolve, and loving heart,
 To live the life of prayer ; —

To live as holy angels,
 While treading through the vale ;
 With light, and love, and promise true,
 Chasing the shadows pale :
 Till, at the joyful summons,
 We wake in that sweet home,
 Where sorrow never entereth,
 And Christ says, *Hither come !*

L.

"CHARITY AND TRUTH."*

THE reader will learn from the foot-note the occasion which called forth the discourse of which the above is the subject. Of this occasion we have no wish to write a word: too many words have been written with reference to it, on one side or the other, already. Our business is with the Sermon, and we are glad to express our heart-felt gratitude to the author for the admirable temper which he has manifested in the treatment of a very delicate subject, as well as for his breadth of view and resolute purpose to be just to those whose conceptions of the Gospel he is unable to accept. It is unspeakably refreshing to deal with one who is as manly in understanding as childlike in malice, one who can admit that those who seem to be his antagonists, even in matters essential, may be as honest as himself in their desire to find and to hold Christian truth, and who has something besides shrieks and denunciations, and bits

* *Charity and Truth.* A Sermon preached at the Ordination of Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, in St. Paul's Church, Boston, April 14, 1859. By JOHN COTTON SMITH, Assistant Minister of Trinity Church on the Greene Foundation.

of Scripture interpreted in his own way, wherewith to entertain all who cannot walk with him. Here is one, we say, with whom we could have an hour's talk upon this great subject of the divisions amongst Protestants with great contentment, even though the one and the other should still move on his own way. We wish that the author had not felt obliged to withhold a fuller treatment of some of his points; we should be glad to know, for example, what "concessions" he "might be willing to make to bring about any practical union amongst Christians." Especially as he assures us that "for [his] part [he] should consider any concession for such a purpose as a small sacrifice, unless it stood very near the truth as it is in Jesus." It seems to us that the Church for which he pleads in so catholic a way might make a good many concessions, and that by so doing she would express far more exactly than she now expresses the transcendent and mysterious truths and facts of the Gospel, and the Christian faith of some of her noblest sons, whilst she would open the way to her sanctuary for multitudes who must now remain without.

We cannot attempt in these brief paragraphs to set down more than a few hints of what, as we judge, is required to this end.

The preacher calls attention to the advantage enjoyed by the layman in comparison with the clergyman amongst those who are supposed to be seeking for a religious home. The clergyman must subscribe the Articles, — the layman is not asked to subscribe. Is this quite fair to the clergyman? And if fair, is it practically of any use? Does subscription answer the purpose which it was intended to answer? The Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church offer to the believer, besides the essentials of the Gospel, a multitude of details which equally Evangelical Christians would present, and do present, in forms of thought and speech that can hardly be made to square with the words of these symbols. We could subscribe them, if we were willing to subscribe

any but purely Scriptural language, could we interpret them as they are interpreted by many subscribers; but this interpretation does not seem to us honest. Why not concede the Thirty-nine Articles and take them out of the way, as well as allow them to be subscribed in a "non-natural sense," or accept them simply as "Articles of Peace"? Why ask the Arminian to express assent to Calvinism? Certainly, even if those can do this who have grown up in the Episcopal fellowship, and take much for granted without very close scrutiny, it can hardly be expected of any who have enjoyed the freedom of the Gospel and believe themselves to be in the liberty which was the blessed privilege of the Church when belief in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of man was sufficient. The Episcopal Church must be at least as liberal to the clergy as it is to the laity, or its invitations cannot be widely heeded.

She need not fear for her doctrinal purity. In the long run, those who remain within the pale of the Gospel will hold the Gospel in a positive, earnest way. Those who no longer feel the need of Christ, and believe in him no longer, will not in the second or third generation ask to be called Christians. Their worship will pass into lecturing, for churches they will have halls of science and literature, and their gods will be orators, poets, and naturalists. Forms of sound words would only cover up the poverty for a time. Truth is nothing to us until it becomes experience. We believe with honest Adam Bede, that "religion is something else beside doctrines and notions. I look at it as if the doctrines was like finding names for your feelings, so as you can talk of 'em when you've never known 'em, just as a man may talk of tools when he knows their names, though he's never so much as seen 'em, much less handled 'em."

But further, the laity ought not, as it seems to us, to be content with the measure which is meted out to them. Why should I be asked to assent even to the so-called

Apostles' Creed? Why should I be compelled to say that I believe in the resurrection of *the* body, when I believe only in the resurrection of *a* body, and am persuaded, with St. Paul, "that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God"? Moreover, is it fair to ask the layman who, satisfied neither with Socinus nor with Arius, accepts the mysteries of God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, and of the Holy Spirit dwelling through the mediation of Christ in the Church and in each true believer, to express these persuasions in any save Scripture phrases? Because he is ready and eager to worship the Father by the Son and in the Holy Spirit, to confess a deep mystery in the Being of God which is the ground of creation and redemption, shall he therefore be asked to say, "O Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity, — three persons and one God?" Instead of the Scriptural phrase, God the Word, must he say, God the Son? Instead of praying, Father of the Christ, hear us; must he say, "O Christ, hear us"? "Whatsoever ye shall ask of the *Father in my name*," said the Lord. The mind and heart of the Christian Church need no better words in which to utter themselves, than those which are provided in the Christian Scriptures. With this mind and heart we believe that we are at one, though we cannot conform to any existing sect, orthodox or heterodox. These are deep matters, about which we steadily refuse to dogmatize, whether as Unitarians or as Trinitarians. We are satisfied, after not a little reflection upon the subject, that all who are walking with the Father by the Son in the Holy Spirit, are practically at one here, whether known as Unitarians or Trinitarians; we know that many who use the English Liturgy believe just what we believe touching the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; but it is equally clear, that just so far as they depart from Scripture in expressing this belief, they cause misapprehension and degrade divine mysteries into human dogmas, and bar others who love their old forms of worship from their fellowship. We sympathize with those who undertook the

alteration of the English Liturgy for the King's Chapel in this city, though we should have retained some things which they omitted.

We have space only for a single word more as to the matter of external order. Here, too, the measure meted out is hard for the clergyman. If we were looking about for a Church, which we are not, inasmuch as the *whole Gospel* is open for us just where we are providentially placed, the demand of a re-ordination would be a most formidable barrier to our entrance into the Episcopal brotherhood. We have read what the preacher urges upon this point: but it does not satisfy us. If episcopal ordination be, as he claims, "an *indispensable* means to the most important end," then it ought to be so revealed beyond all reasonable question amongst fair-minded persons, and those who so hold ought not to admit, as the preacher claims that the Church does admit, "the validity of the official acts of ministers of the Gospel not episcopally ordained," and every clergyman passing from another denomination into the Episcopal fold should be treated as a layman until he has been ordained, — we cannot say, re-ordained. Now it is plain that equally honest, earnest, and learned Christians have arrived, some at episcopal, and others at non-episcopal views of Church government, — it is notorious that revelation is not explicit upon the point, — if the question ~~ever~~ could have been settled, it would have been settled: it is asserted that the Episcopal Church does admit the validity of the official acts of the clergymen of other denominations, which it can consistently do only by admitting the validity of their ordination, and it follows irresistibly, as it seems to us, that in transferring from the ranks of the clergy of other sects one and another to her own ministry, she should accept them to the *status* which they occupied in their own denomination with a word of welcome, unaccompanied by any fresh laying on of hands. Either we have been ordained or we have not been ordained. If we have not been, we are no

ministers; if we have been, it is a mere form, besides being a virtual slight upon the original ordination, and upon all that has been done under its sanction, to be ordained again. We could have no part in it,—no, we have been unwilling so much as to look upon the ceremony. In another place the preacher speaks of the form as "very important." So much might be sufficiently witnessed for by the manner of ordination which the Episcopal Church provides for her own children, those born into her fold.

We must stop with this very slight indication of what, as it seems to us, the preacher might have done for truth to the greater promotion of charity. But he spoke for himself, not for us, and we wish that we could always be sure to speak as wisely and kindly. We have heard nothing from the Episcopal Church this side of the water to compare with it for scope and temper. Especially do we most heartily assent to what the preacher says of the limitations of religious thought. We believe, with him, that the understanding cannot find out God or Immortality. These are revealed to us by the Spirit. We should not confine the operations of the Spirit to the instrumentality of the written Word; we do not understand that the preacher so confines them; for doubtless he accepts in its fair and full interpretation the saying of the Evangelist,—"This is the true Light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." The soul must see the truth, growing up under God, to a vision of it,—arguments, whether drawn from metaphysics or from history, will not give faith.

E.

"THERE is one everlasting melody in heaven, which Christ, the Word of God, makes for ever, when he does all things perfectly and wisely, and righteously and gloriously, full of grace and truth; and from that all melody comes, and is a dim pattern thereof here; and is beautiful only because it is a dim pattern thereof."

RANDOM READINGS.

MYSTERIES OF MEMORY.

SARTOR describes two kinds of hats which he thinks highly desirable,—one to give the wearer the freedom of space, the other the freedom of time. Put on the space-annihilating hat, and you are anywhere. Put on the time-annihilating hat, and you are any-when. But more convenient than these, and more to be desired, would be the freedom of memory. If I could only forget what I please, and remember what I please, I would give more than I would for Sartor's hat or for the chloroform discovery. The misery is, that we forget what we want to remember, and remember what we want to forget, and the science of mnemonics thus far does not help us. Many a wretch is haunted and turned haggard by a remorseless past, and many another wretch has lost his years of toil, because the past has become blurred and swims in mist and darkness.

We verily believe that the art of printing has worked mischief with the human memory. There are no such memories extant as those we read of, and the reason is, that we read everlastingly in easy-chairs, between asleep and awake, and never lay anything up in the mind in an orderly way. What once was a scholar's memory, is now his library. Once a scholar's library was within him; his knowledge was laid away carefully in his mind, parcelled and labelled, and he could lay his hand on it at any moment. Now it is outside of him, in alcoves and on shelves, and when he wants a reference, instead of calling up a fact from his memory, he thumbs his catalogue, and takes a book down from his shelves. And, as Pope says,

"Index learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail."

The literature of the North was for ages unwritten, and only existed in the memories of the bards and the Saga-men. They would enliven the long winter nights with songs and histories, while the grim warriors were listening round. The contents of whole libraries were thus handed down by memory alone. So Homer was preserved by the rhapsodists of Greece; and they would recite the twenty-

four books of the Iliad without tripping upon a single line. Now a boy at school has to cudgel his brain only to get into it Jupiter's speech to the gods, to be mouthed on examination-day. Themistocles could tell the name of each of the twenty thousand people of Athens. Now a man must fumble the Directory to get the name of his nearest neighbor, unless he happens to find it on the door. Carneades would repeat when required any book he had previously read, as readily as if the book were before him. Klopstock, while a boy at school, could repeat the entire works of Homer. Dr. Leyden could repeat correctly a long act of Parliament, or any similar document, after having read it once.

Complaint is made, that in the schools the memory is too exclusively cultivated, and educators say that the children learn mechanically or by rote. Let them take comfort. The young innocents are in no danger of a mnemonic plethora. Our opinion is, that the cultivation of this faculty is sadly neglected, instead of being overdone, and that this is one reason of our feeble and defective scholarship. Leibnitz and Euler, according to Sir William Hamilton, could both repeat the whole of the *Æneid*; and Muratori, when he had occasion to quote passages from other authors, took down the books in which they were to be found, read the passages once, put the books in their places again, and wrote the words out from memory. More remarkable still is the case which the same author quotes from Muretus, author of a celebrated work, — the *Variae Lectiones*. Muretus quotes a passage from Seneca, in which the latter complains of the inroads of age from the fact that his memory was failing; for once he could repeat two thousand names on once hearing them read to him, and repeat them in the order they were given him. Muretus thought this statement incredible, till he met with a more remarkable case himself. He met a Corsican at Padua, and, having heard of his remarkable memory, asked him to give a specimen of his power. To this he agreed, and having "adjourned, with a considerable party of distinguished auditors, into a saloon, Muretus began to dictate words, Latin, Greek, barbarous, significant and non-significant, disjoined and connected, until he wearied himself, the man who wrote them down, and the audience who were present. The young man, with his gaze fixed upon the ground, stood silent for a brief season, and then, having begun to speak, he absolutely repeated the same words in the same order in which they had

been delivered, without the slightest hesitation; then, commencing from the last, he repeated them backward till he came to the first. Then again he spoke the first, the third, the fifth, and so on, and then in any order he was asked, and without the slightest error." He could recite in this manner, thirty-six thousand words, and after a year's interval he could still repeat them without trouble.* And he could teach others so as to impart to them the same remarkable power.

Such feats of the mind as we have described, give us a fearful insight into its possibilities. All that enters it is probably laid up there. According to Swedenborg, it can be reproduced at any time, as it were objectively, and man in another life can be made to see, as in a stereoscopic picture, all that he has done, and all the scenery amid which he did it. This philosophy makes clean work in demolishing the doctrine of the false theologies that substitute something else for character. God's book of fate is within,—the book of Life out of which all men will be judged. Sometimes we have glimpses of this in the present state. A young man who died not long since, just before his death, as we were told by his parents, had his whole life pass before him as in a panoramic view.

There is a vulgar notion, that a great memory draws its pabulum from the other faculties, and leaves them feeble. Sir William Hamilton effectually refutes the notion. Memory—or rather *reproduction*, which is the power of drawing from the memory, out of which nothing is ever lost that once enters—depends in part on self-energy and intellectual and spiritual life; and men of the first reasoning powers have had it in remarkable fulness. The experience of any one will verify, who watches the processes of his own mind, that when the feelings are aglow, and the intellect nimble and strong, the memory more readily yields up its treasures. Then its whole province becomes alive and astir, and facts and images throng up out of it without being called,—showing that the very opposite of the common notion is true, and that memory, intellect, and spiritual life rise together into quickness and energy, or sink together into torpor and death,—showing, too, how the spirit of God might rush through us and make all the sealed pages of the book within to open and burn like fire!

s.

* Sir William Hamilton's Lectures, p. 421.

EXTRACT OF WORDS.

THE following anecdote is related of an Eastern monarch, and is exceedingly suggestive. We once heard of a distinguished physician who thanked God because he was deaf, since it saved him from hearing a world of nonsense. But we are inclined to think that quite as much nonsense enters through the eye as the ear.

The monarch had a library containing books enough to load a thousand camels. "I cannot read all this," said he. "Select the cream and essence of it, and let me have that." Whereupon the librarian distilled this ocean of words down to thirty camel-loads. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch, "I have not time to read that." Whereupon the thirty loads were double distilled, and a selection was made, sufficient to load a single ass. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch. Whereupon it was treble distilled, and the only residuum was these three lines written on a palm-leaf:—

"This is the sum of all science:—Perhaps.

"This is the sum of all morality:—Love what is good, and practise it.

"This is the sum of all creeds:—Believe what is true, and do not tell all you believe."

S.

THE SAVOY STATUARY.

WE have seen or read of none more beautiful. Two little Savoyards, on the the road to Dijon, were overtaken by a snow-storm and frozen to death. There they were found just as death, sculptor-like, had turned them into marble. One of them was kneeling, with hands clasped, and in the attitude of prayer. Suppose death at one moment were to come upon the world, and fix all its teeming life into statuary, what groups should we have presented for the inspection of the race that were to succeed us, or of the angels that look down! And yet this is just what is taking place all the while. In every scene where we have acted, the attitudes are preserved as truly as if death at the moment had fixed them in stone; and the Lord might lift the veil of memory and show all the groupings,—one tableau beyond another,—from the cradle-scene to the death-scene; and this he will do when he brings our life into judgment and shows us to ourselves. Mrs. Norton commemorates the incident alluded to:—

"Innocent and pious heart!
 By that act revealing
 What had been thy last good thought
 And thy dying feeling,
 When the numbing death and cold
 Through thy veins was creeping,
 And the sense of danger woke
 Sense of holy keeping."

S.

OLD AND YOUNG GRIMES AT CHURCH.

It was delightful to see old Grimes and his family at church,—
 with his hair done up in a queue, with the buckles upon his shoes,
 and with his coat "all buttoned down before." They read from the
 prayer-book, and all responded together,—old Grimes with a voice
 as dignified and solemn as that of the bishop, and always leading the
 congregation. Since "old Grimes is dead," young Grimes has gone
 up into the choir. During the sermon and the prayers, he sometimes
 reads novels, sometimes eats chestnuts, sometimes scrawls in the
 hymn-books, sometimes makes arrangements for the next cotillon, and
 generally sits with his feet higher than his head, as if he considered
 that the most respectable part of him,—which very likely is the case.

S.

EDITORS OF RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE:—

You printed in your May number a translation, as anonymous,
 from Julius Sturm. It happens to be one of a dozen or two I made,
 two or three years ago, from a German book, called "In der Stille."
 I send you another, which is anonymous in the German.

SONG OF A FAMILY.

O make our house Thy sanctuary!
 Come in to us, a friendly guest,
 And in our circle ever tarry;
 Then shall we be for ever blest,
 And Thou, a house-mate, shalt these walls
 Transfigure into royal halls.

Joy dwells, O Lord! where'er Thou stayest;
There blooms a heavenly blessedness;
 In silk Thy poorest Thou arrayest,
 Though men see but a ragged dress.
 The purest high delight is there,
 And even in want is wealth, to spare.

Thou every morning us awakest,
 And graciously to prayer dost call.
 The household cares Thou undertakest;
 Thou knowest what is best in all.
 And Care, though 't were a leaden load,
 Is but a feather's weight with God.

One tender bond all hearts embraces,
 A heavenly bond, Thy hand hath wove:
 The rooms are turned to temple-spaces,
 Illumined with God's peace and love.
 Grace is the sunshine of our home,
 And there God's angels go and come.

C. T. B.*

"A COMPANY of ladies in Washington have presented an elegantly bound Bible to the Rev. Mr. Haley, as a token of appreciation for his services in behalf of Mr. Sickles."

As Mr. Sickles, unlike the wretched Key, has had the benefit of clergy thus far, we hope that he will continue to experience it, and that our good brother Haley will call his attention to such passages in the "elegantly bound" book as the following:—"But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil!" "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." "Recompense to no man evil for evil." "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." "Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou

* We are glad to reclaim "I Hold Still" from its wanderings, and credit the translation to our friend at Newport. Our readers will not regret that we did not know to whom it belonged, if our ignorance was the means of bringing out the present effusion, not less sweet and tender than the other.—Eds.

shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Now that the sacred tribunal of justice has decided that those who have been injured, or who think that they have been injured, may take into their own hands the punishment of the offender, or supposed offender; now that a jury has declared juries to be unnecessary, and the processes of the law too slow for the impatience of human passion and indignation; now that it has been settled that a man smarting under a wrong is the very person of all others to decide upon the penalty which ought to be inflicted upon the wrong-doer, and the best possible executioner of the sentence, — that judge, jury, advocate, and hangman may properly be united in one and the same man, and he the plaintiff; now that we have returned to the first principles of civilization or of barbarism, and Mr. Sickles is at liberty to look back (we cannot say calmly) upon all that has passed, — we hope that his devoted friend Haley will still cleave to him, and try to point out the difference between public justice, divine and human and private revenge. It is indeed a beneficent providential arrangement that evil shall destroy itself, that men who dig pits fall into them, that the wicked are arrayed against the wicked, and keep one another in check, and we cannot say that we have the least pity for Key. He deserved to be hanged, with all the shameful accompaniments of a public execution, as indeed is true of too many others who are wallowing in the same mire, and he was favored on the whole in meeting death in a way by which it has come to many a noble and innocent fellow. He died as the fool dieth, — why not? he had lived as the fool liveth. But woe unto him by whom that death came, when the hour of reflection shall come in the presence of the God upon whose mercy he must rely or perish! Sickles must shoot Key because there was not room enough on the same planet for the two, — so he said. What if the Perfect One should apply that principle to us? Did it never occur to this indignant man, that we must all of us be anything but pleasing to Him whose pure eyes cannot look upon sin save with displeasure, and before whom even the bright heavens are not clean? He bears with us, O how patiently! He does not resort to swift justice. His infinite love mediates and intercedes. His Son does not come to nail us to crosses, — on the contrary, he comes to be himself nailed to a cross. There must be suffering, and he will take just as much of it as he can. Without shedding of blood there can

be no remission of sins ; the blood shed shall be his, not ours. Has the doctrine of Atonement been preached in thousands of pulpits, and have we not yet learned the very alphabet of it? Do we not yet understand that only the Lamb of God can take away the sins of the world? The way to punish the sinner as he needs to be punished, is to speak the truth to him in love, to restrain him if he is dangerous and troublesome, to discipline him as you would a foolish child, and if at last it becomes clear that the world should be well rid of him, to leave the disagreeable tasks of jailer and executioner to those who are authorized to perform them. He is a pitifully weak man, to say the least, who can bring an offender to his senses only by shooting out his brains. The transgressor who deserves such a punishment must receive it from some one else, we could not think of doing any one that service. It is too vulgar a business, to say the best of it. A wise and good man has other and better ways of bringing sinners to penitence and shame. Some of the *religious* papers, we see, have commended the course of Sickles. Do they believe in praying for those who have injured us? Should the praying have gone before the shooting? or do they believe in prayers for the dead? Shall the offender be forgiven before he has been shot, or after?

One question more. Will those who have defended the course of Sickles put pistols into the hands of the women and wives too? Why not? Are there no injured wives as well as injured husbands, — none who are going to their graves heart-broken because those who promised to be true have proved faithless? Can the wrong done to a man be washed out only with blood, and does not the wrong done to woman demand any expiation?

E.

"THE MORALS OF TRADE."

WE wish that some one of our readers who is familiar with the details of trade would read the article with the above caption, in the April number of the Westminster Review. We should be glad to know how far what is affirmed of morality in the warehouse and shop in England is true of this country as well, and whether, if these things are true in any measure, our merchants are willing to rest in them. The writer paints a very dark picture ; but dark as it is, we are inclined to regard it as faithfully sketched, because the de-

lineation does not seem to have been made in the interest of any new scheme of civilization, any plan of reorganizing society. He speaks of cheating beyond belief, and yet scarcely anybody is a gainer by it, though all trying to be gainers! This is the testimony! It would appear, indeed, that there has been some improvement in these last days; at all events, "the great and direct frauds" have diminished, though the smaller and indirect ones have increased. The shopkeepers no longer keep bags of bad coin in their shops to be palmed off upon unwary customers, and it shows an advance in morality when we cannot look directly at the sin which we propose to commit, but must cover it up a little. "Christmas boxes," and discounts made to servants who pay their masters' bills, are unknown amongst us, — we pay our own bills. Short measure and short weight, and wood when we ought to have sugar, and false labels, — these we fear are not unknown! Who will give the exact truth in the case? not sweeping charges, not vague generalities, but the facts? Let us have some heroes of commerce, if there is a demand for them! Above all, let us ask not only how much is the man worth, but how did he acquire his wealth? then we shall know how much.

E.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

THEY are in full progress as we go to press. A friend at our side — we do not like to call him "aged," for although he has more than filled out the four-score years, they have not proved in his case labor and sorrow, and he is practically younger than we are — asks, "Have you provided yourself with salmon? The ministers always had salmon on their tables in anniversary week, and the shopkeepers always made a point of having an extra stock of black cloth and of black-silk stockings for their clerical customers." Those were days when one could walk from the Old South to the "fortification" on the Neck without meeting more than half a dozen vehicles, — days when sidewalks were as unknown as they are impassable now by one who is in a hurry, when the fish just named was brought in boats to the foot of Long Wharf, and the first man who made a purchase advertised the welcome arrival as he passed up State Street. Some old-time things we miss, but certainly there has been no falling off in the vitality of the world which believes in "going to meetings." If black-silk stockings have gone out, or if the wearing thereof would be looked upon as an unwarranted attempt to force the season, carpet-bags, made no longer of carpeting to be sure, but just as useful as ever, have come in, and the churches for the most part have been filled to overflowing. Every one whom it has been our good fortune to hear has expressed himself in a singularly earnest and Christian tone, with less of boastfulness than has sometimes been the case. Only let the still, small voice follow the whirlwind and the fire, and all will be well.

E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Trinitarian Sermons preached to a Unitarian Congregation, with an Introduction on the Unitarian Failure. By REV. WILLIAM L. GAGE. John P. Jewett & Co. — Most unfortunately for this book, it has been heralded by a sort of clap-trap, which will tend to put sensible people in an attitude against it. But we will endeavor to judge the book from its own contents alone. It contains eight sermons, which exhibit the struggles of a conscientious mind after a more positive faith, and a more profound experience and realization of Christianity. Mr. Gage, as we judge, had been a sceptic, and then a rationalist, and has passed through inward trials and conflicts till he finds rest and peace, as he thinks, in Evangelical Trinitarianism. We have a deep respect and sympathy for any honest mind thus finding its way through doubts and difficulties to higher views of truth. When we have said this, we have said everything which candor will allow. The argument in the sermons for the Trinity and a vicarious atonement seems to us to be exceedingly weak and cloudy, and to evade the great issue which has been made with Tritheism. What difference does it make whether the words "three persons" are used or not, if in a scheme of theology they have such offices assigned them as inevitably beget that conception in the believer's mind? The lips may say "one God" for ever, but if the mind conceives of three individualities, call them what you please, worship is divided, and the mind and heart are cloven. Logic has made itself weary, but has never yet found a resting-place between Tritheism and some form of Unitarianism, and the New Church view of the Lord, or something approximating towards it, is the only one that harmonizes to human apprehension the Supreme Divinity of Christ and the proper unity of God.

Mr. Gage manifests a spirit in his Introduction which we think he will regret. When denominational lines are so wavy as at present, it is nothing very marvellous for a man to pass from one sect to another. But if he has really found the true Christ, he will not turn round and shoot Parthian arrows into the communion which he leaves, but rather he will have the grace and generosity to thank them at least

for the privilege and culture he has had with them as a preparation for going up higher. Mr. Gage turns upon the denomination whose Christian fellowship he has enjoyed, and charges them with "sneering at rigid purity, as if there was danger of men's being fastidiously righteous," — of "ridiculing the thought that what is first to be cared for is the naked and squalid souls of those who live in dark alleys and narrow streets." Rather sweeping charges to be made against a denomination who, whatever their theological deficiencies, have notoriously preached and practised purity of life, and were among the first to establish the ministry to the poor. Mr. Gage ought to have considered that, in such wholesale accusations, he was poorly recommending the new faith he has embraced. He will yet find, we apprehend, that Unitarianism is a failure precisely in the sense that Orthodoxy is a failure, and that all the sects are failures, being, each of them, partial and fragmentary, — provisional religions, to lead on the humble believer to the glorious catholicity of the Gospel, to meet Christ as he comes in his fulness. And Mr. Gage will need to go up higher yet, we fear, ere he has found the Christ that transcends the limits of party, and imparts to the believer the charity that thinketh no evil, — the charity that seeks for good in all the followers of the Lamb, and shrinks from usurping the awful prerogatives of the judgment-seat. He will find that there are important problems which Calvinism has never yet solved, and, *as such*, never can, — problems which press sharply on the mind of the age, pertaining to God and man, redemption and regeneration, the spiritual world and the natural and the relations between them, and man's rise from one into the other, and above all, and as it were including all the others, the sacred Scriptures and the law of their interpretation. The old theologies do not answer these questions, and yet the Church is dividing and losing its hold upon the age, because they are not answered. A thirsting and progressive mind will be pretty slow to put itself into the grave-clothes of a dead past; for when the tombs burst and the day is dawning, it is not *sect* that will give the command, "Loose him and let him go!"

s.

Lectures on Metaphysics. By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, BART. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — This is the first portion of the biennial course of lectures delivered by their lamented author while occupying the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edin-

burgh. The present is a large octavo volume of over seven hundred pages, comprising forty-six lectures, with an Appendix containing much solid matter related to the subject of the lectures. We are informed, in the Preface, that each lecture was usually written on the evening and night preceding its delivery. But the style is clear and compact, and contains as much of solid reasoning as it can well hold. The author's learning was immense. He draws largely upon it in the lectures, and the extracts from the best authors, ancient and modern, are alone of exceeding value. The influence of these lectures over the minds of those who heard them is said to have been unsurpassed, and to have kindled them into a fervid love of the highest studies that can engage the human intellect. They will have measurably the same influence over the minds of those who read them.

s.

Memoir of Theophilus Parsons, Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. By his Son, THEOPHILUS PARSONS. Ticknor and Fields. — Chief Justice Parsons lived through the period during which the Constitution of Massachusetts and the Constitution of the United States were formed and adopted. His influence as a statesman, a magistrate, and a man were very great, and intimately connected with the most important events in the history of the State. Professor Parsons describes him as a statesman, a lawyer, a judge, a scholar, and a man in domestic and social life, giving anecdotes of him and his contemporaries illustrative of personal character and social life and manners. The delicate task of the biographer is admirably accomplished, and the book is very interesting.

s.

Poems. By OWEN MEREDITH. — This is one of the series, in blue and gold, by Ticknor and Fields. The reader must understand that "Owen Meredith" is the assumed name under which Robert Bulwer Lytton gives forth the poetical effusions which, for some time, have charmed the ear of the English literary world. They belong to a school that lies somewhere between the voluptuousness of Moore and the dreaminess of Tennyson, and bear the unmistakable marks of genius.

s.

Social and Domestic Religion. A selection of family prayers and other devotional exercises. — The compiler of this volume states that

it was first designed for his own family, and having there been used successfully, he hopes it may be useful to others. There are heads of families who feel the need of a book of devotion. To such, this volume would be an essential aid. We like, especially, the Scripture selections, and we think these constitute the best feature of the volume. The other devotional exercises are well adapted to various wants and conditions. If we were to use any other liturgy in domestic worship than the Scriptures themselves, we do not know of any that we should prefer to this. s.

The Atonement. Discourses and Treatises, with an Introduction by Professor E. A. PARK. Congregational Board of Publication. — This is a royal octavo volume of 596 pages. It sets forth the New England theology on the subject of the Atonement, as exhibited in the writings of Edwards, Smalley, Maxey, Hopkins, Bellamy, Emmons, and Griffin. The introductory treatise is very discriminating and exhaustive. The book will be interesting to two classes of readers, — to Orthodox readers as exhibiting what the New England fathers of Orthodoxy have thought and written upon the most vital doctrine of Calvinism, — the Orthodoxy which, seventy years ago, was called the "New Theology," or the "Edwardean Theory," but which Professor Park thinks is to be the prevailing faith of evangelical thinkers. To another class of readers the book will have a value purely historical, as exhibiting forms and modes of belief which, though once regarded as "New Theology," are fast becoming theology petrified. Both classes will welcome the book; one, as a book for edification, the other, as an interesting history of opinions as shown in the writings of the best thinkers representing the New England mind of the past century. s.

Popular Geology. A Series of Lectures read before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. By HUGH MILLER. With an Introduction by MRS. MILLER. Gould and Lincoln. — The Introduction exhibits the progress made in the science of Geology during the last two years. It abounds too much in the terminology of the science for the popular reader. The Lectures, at the time of their delivery, excited much enthusiasm among the learned and cultivated circles of Edinburgh. They embody important matter which their author intended to work up into a systematic treatise on the Geology

of Scotland. They are written in Hugh Miller's characteristic style, which is wonderfully picturesque. The lectures have all the interest which the science can impart to them, with the freshness and charm of poetry. s.

Bishop Butler's Ethical Discourses, and Essay on Virtue, arranged as a Treatise on Moral Philosophy. By J. T. CHAMPLIN, D. D., President of Waterville College. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. — Joseph Butler was for some time the Rector of Stanhope, where he gave himself up to the duties and the studies of a parish priest. He was a favorite of Queen Caroline. On her once inquiring of Archbishop Blackburne whether Butler was not dead, "No," said the Archbishop, "but he is buried." He was buried in an obscure parish, meditating works which have ever since been regarded as masterpieces of analytic reasoning. These were the "Analogy," a complete demonstration to all but atheists of the Divine origin of Christianity, and the treatise on Virtue, written doubtless in refutation of the selfish theory of Hobbes. The latter work is less known and read than the Analogy, but is written with the same severity of logic. It is highly gratifying to know that there is a demand for such works as these. They ought to become the common reading of young persons, that the power of thinking may not die out under the influence of our diluted literature. Butler, Hugh Miller, and Sir William Hamilton ought to alternate with the novels and the popular histories. s.

The Art of Extempore Speaking, by M. BAUTAIN, with Additions by a Member of the New York Bar. New York: Charles Scribner. — M. Bautain, as we learn from the title-page, is Professor at the Sorbonne. The book is written with great spirit and perspicuity, and the advice it gives is excellent. It is designed for any class of speakers who may wish to acquire the rare power of effective thinking and utterance upon their feet, whether in the pulpit, in the senate, or at the bar, and those who read it will derive from it suggestions of very great value. s.

The Poetical Works of JAMES G. PERCIVAL, with a Biographical Sketch. In 2 vols. Ticknor and Fields. — This is another of the series in blue and gold. It has a fine likeness of the poet. Percival we

reckon the first among American bards in the single quality of inspiration, or rather *improvisation*, for that better describes the perfect spontaneity with which his melodies flow. He is less popularly read than he should be, and the publishers have judged well in bringing him forth in this attractive style. Percival was a profound scholar, and a man of science as well as genius. He was subject to the melancholy with which natures too finely strung are often oppressed, and this gives a tinge to almost all he writes. His life and his poetry were one continuous yearning for a beauty and glory unrealized. In the musical flow of his numbers, in pathetic sweetness and tenderness, in the command of language and imagery, in the richness of his classical lore, Percival ranks among the first American bards.

S.

Studies, Stories, and Memoirs. By MRS. JAMESON. Ticknor and Fields. — Also of the blue and gold series. The Studies are criticisms in the departments of art and literature. The tales are "The False One," "Halloran the Peddler," "The Indian Mother," "Much Coin, much Care." The Memoirs are of Titian, Allston, and Adelaide Kemble. The admirers of Mrs. Jameson will give a cordial welcome to this little volume.

S.

The Life of General H. Havelock. By J. T. HEADLEY. New York: Charles Scribner. — The strangest of all combinations in character is here displayed, — a man of deep religious convictions, fervent piety, and daily prayer, and at the same time the warrior trained to the work of slaughter, having early predilections for it, and always following the profession of arms with delight and pride. We can very well understand how the Christian man should follow the profession of arms and do its horrible business as a hard necessity, when some great emergency calls him. Washington was such a man. But we do not understand how he can come to take pleasure in his work, and do it for the love of it. This biography takes the reader through various battle scenes, the last of which is the taking of Lucknow, where Havelock sickened and died in the triumphs of faith, and in hearing of the thunders of the cannon. Mr. Headley makes a book which will be read. Notwithstanding Havelock's religious character, we question very much the salutary influence of this sort of literature.

S.

The Limits of Religious Thought Examined. By HENRY L. MANSEL. Gould and Lincoln. — This book comprises eight lectures on the Bampton foundation, with learned and copious notes. Their design is to show the just mean between Dogmatism and Rationalism, and vindicate the true method in the investigation of religious truth. They are produced in the interest of Trinitarian Orthodoxy, and are written with conspicuous ability. The notes make up about one third of the book, and in their way are quite as valuable as the lectures themselves. S.

Mothers and Infants, Nurses and Nursing. Translation from the French of a Treatise on Nursing, Weaning, and the general Treatment of Young Children. By DR. AL. DONNÉ, Late Head of the Clinical Department of the Faculty of Paris, &c. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1859. — We have been able to give this book only a cursory examination, but it seems to us carefully and judiciously written, and fitted to be of great service to young mothers. E.

The Homœopathic Domestic Physician and Traveller's Medical Companion. By DR. FRED. GUSTAV CEHME. Concord: Edward Eastman. Boston: Otis Clapp. 1859. — A convenient little manual for the homœopathist.

Agnes Hopetoun's Schools and Holidays. By MRS. OLIPHANT. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. — A very attractive little book.

Palissy, the Huguenot Potter. A True Tale. Boston: Henry Hoyt. — One of the very best books for young or old that we have seen for many a day. Our children especially should read it, and learn at what great price our Protestant fathers bought their religious freedom, and see to it that they be not entangled again in any yoke of bondage. E.

Man and his Dwelling-Place; an Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature. New York: Redfield. 1859. — We can heartily commend this volume, as the work of an earnest and devout thinker and student of revelation. The writer looks at life, as it seems to us, too exclusively from the side of grace, and counts too much upon what one may conclude that the Infinite Love will surely do to quicken and

sanctify the soul of man; somehow man is the arbiter of his own destiny, as well as the child plastic to the Father's influence. Nevertheless the course of thought so forcibly developed will be of great service to the reverent and thoughtful student of this great problem of our life, and cannot fail to have a practical value. E.

Mosaics. By the Author of "Salad for the Solitary," etc. New York: Charles Scribner. London: Richard Bentley. 1859. — The author's own account of his work is a very good one. "In fine, the following pages comprise the selections, excerpts, pleasant passages, pencillings, jottings down, and occasional memoranda of much miscellaneous reading; the pleasure-toils of leisure intervals snatched from the hours devoted to the sterner duties of life. They may seem desultory chapters; if so, they may suit desultory readers; and if thou art of that order, so much the better, both for thyself and — the book." It is a pleasant volume to take in hand for a spare hour or two, and the fact that much of it consists of extracts from some of our most delightful modern writers will not make it any less attractive and useful. We must demur to the following paragraph which has caught our eye: "Johnson's Essays on Politeness were admirable; yet his 'You lie, sir!' and 'You don't understand the question, sir!' were the common characteristics of his colloquies." Johnson's bearishness has been much exaggerated, and he had no idea how sharply words may sting. E.

PAMPHLETS.

On Patriotism, the Condition, Prospects, and Duties of the American People. A Sermon delivered on Fast Day, by REV. ORVILLE DEWEY. Sober advice touching the highest duties of the American citizen. — *Liberty versus Romanism.* Two Discourses delivered in the New North Church by REV. ARTHUR B. FULLER. Mr. Fuller makes a rousing appeal against the dangers of Romanism, and we agree with him entirely in respect to its designs and tendencies. — We are glad that Dr. A. P. Peabody's valuable oration upon "The Immutable Right," has passed to a second edition. We have heard of a revival of the lost art of the scribe on the part of some one who wished for a copy.

